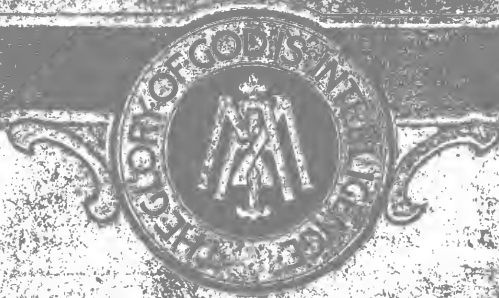


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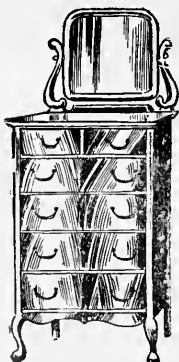
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# IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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## How can we Acquire an Interest in Boy Activities?

BY WILLIAM A. HYDE, PRESIDENT OF THE POCATELLO STAKE OF  
ZION.

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“When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things,” spoke the Apostle Paul, as he compared his former state of spiritual childhood with his advanced growth in the knowledge of the gospel. We men, who have matured in thought and judgment, in reality have put away our childish natures, and live a life as distinct, almost, from that of our infancy and boyhood, as the life of one class of animal creation differs from another.

Every species of creation is in its own atmosphere of desires and influences, that surrounds it as the waters surround the fish or the air surrounds the birds. To arbitrarily remove one from its normal atmosphere is to disturb its state of peace, and impose upon it the unnatural.

Now, while the difference in atmosphere between the boy and the man is not so great as between different species, it is, nevertheless, pronounced. It consists of the difference in the activities of the man and the boy. These activities merge into

each other, and there is some common ground upon which both stand, but ordinarily they occupy a different mental sphere. The man, by reason of his knowledge of the past and his recollection of boyish experiences and ideas, may step out of his sphere and get down to the boy. The boy, for the very good reason that the ground between him and the man has never been traversed by him, cannot get into the sphere of the man at once, no matter how much he may try. You may put a young head on old shoulders, but you "cannot put an old head on young shoulders." This being the case, all systems of teaching or education that assume only the standard of the man are faulty. The teacher must know the atmosphere or activities of the boy, and descend from his elevation to that of the boy, and act and talk as one boy acts and talks with another, to be fully appreciated. To attempt to forcibly take the boy from his sphere and place him in the sphere of the man, is folly. The boy may, from his standpoint, view the life and actions of the man and may, to a greater or less extent, appreciate them, as he is more or less thoughtful and sober-minded, but much that he sees and hears is incomprehensible to him. He naturally prefers his own sphere of activities, for it is the normal life for him; and it will follow that in teaching, the greater success will come to the man who can by any means enter the boy's domain of action for the purpose of influencing him.

How may we do this, is the question. We cannot do it by remaining in our own sphere. Now comes the question, What are the boy's activities? With the normal boy, the physical in his being predominates. His nerve structures are being developed rapidly. He is industrious in his way, be it at work or at play. Whatever he does, he does intensely, if it appeals to him, and he rests and recuperates rapidly. If left to develop naturally, he will be busy from the time he makes mud pies until he crosses the threshold of manhood—in one direction or another. He is seldom still. Next to the physical is his social activity. He must have companions. If he has no boy friends, or brothers or sisters, he will make a companion of a cat or a dog, or even of a wooden doll. The boy is a savage, and he will run with his tribe. He will have his band of robbers to make fancied depredations, or he will have his congregation to whom he will preach. To take him away from

his companions is worse than to imprison him, for you kill the social side of his life.

These physical and social activities mainly constitute the boy's life. While he is learning and getting experience, and gradually developing toward the sphere of a man, these physical and social calls of his nature are the stock of his existence. He will listen to the moral story, perhaps, and perform his religious duty, but all such things to him are adjuncts to the greater fact that he lives, and acts, and loves.

If he has sorrow, it is soon effaced and forgotten in the onward flow of his spirits, and his buoyant life rises above his difficulties, and if not oppressed by unnatural conditions, he will always be the cheerful, noisy, young human animal.

How different the man's activities! He is engaged in the serious, practical affairs of life. He has put away childish things in very deed. The problem of living confronts him daily. Continuous labor has taken out of his nature much of the sentiment, and trouble has hardened him and made him more or less doubtful. Yet the course of our existence has thrown these two beings together—the boy attached to the man, and the man owing a duty to the boy. May their lives be mingled so that there shall be harmony and progress for them? and if so, in what way?

Our methods and institutions of education, in and out of the Church, have in the past demanded more from the boy, in the meeting of these two activities, than they have from the man. And the fault with many men is that they demand all the concession from the boy, not meeting him in a desire to understand him and do the right thing by him.

Men of advanced thought, on the subject of sociology and education, are endeavoring to provide for the needs of the boy by societies that permit their natural activities, and which organize them into bands being governed by rules, the observance of which brings promotion and preferment. It will probably be found, when tested by time, that the plan will develop a self-reliant and independent man, educated along practical lines, and free from many of the evils which effect the ordinary youth. But it may be discovered, also, that he may be free from that certain class of restraint which can come only from the interested father,

and perhaps lacking in the main essentials of a religious nature.

I think that the whole question of the education of the boy will be solved when the man has the time and the inclination to get into his life. Let the man be a boy again by remembering, if he can, his boyhood days, and that remembrance will soften and warm his heart. Such an attitude may tend to relax his control and discipline in one way, but in another he will gain, for he can win the sympathy of the boy and get his willing obedience. One effect will be to make the man more just. He will not condemn the boy for every little fault, for he will see himself in his youthful days, and know that the fault of the boy is but the repetition of his own boyish shortcomings. He can then remember when sympathy and patience would have done him more good than punishment, and in this mental attitude, in all his work with the boy, reason will be the ruling power, rather than fear or force. The man's life is one of work, unceasing and engrossing; the boy's life calls for play, enjoyment and social opportunities. Why not "mix it" with him; you would both be better for it. By doing this, you will give the boy some of the wisdom and restraint of the man, and the boy will pay you back in relaxation and temporary relief from your worries.

The harm that our boys get from immoral ideas communicated to them, always comes from bad men or older companions. You may sometimes see a crowd of boys surrounding a man at some public place; he is entertaining and confidential, and they are listening to every word he says. Here is a man to be envied, for he has the power to do good. He is entering into the boy's activities, perhaps, and is one among them today; and, unfortunately for these boys, he may be doing them irreparable injury. You may, largely, take the place of that man with your boy, if you only will.

In the atmosphere of the boy's activities we may get his confidences, and in no other way. He will tell you of the things that he and the other boys are doing, and you may know his inner life.

There is an undercurrent in the stream of every human existence, with which the world is not acquainted; and it is that undercurrent in the life of your boy that you must know about,



that you may preserve him and keep him. I remember the thoughtful father who told me of the time when chance gave him the opportunity of sleeping with his son. And, as boys and men will, they lay long into the night talking over things until they warmed up to each other in unmeasured confidence, and the man, with his arm around the boy, told of some of the experiences of his youth, and the boy followed, telling his father of the events of his every day life, of evil-minded boys and girls who were suggesting immoral things to him. The father drew a picture of the results of sin, and held the boy's sister up as being just what every other girl would be, and ought to be, if they were preserved from bad boys and men. Some deep secrets of nature were revealed to the wondering boy; he was made acquainted with life, its production and its sacredness; he was told of the possibilities that lay in his future for good; noble men were held up before him as being the ideals he should follow; the pitfalls of the city were explained to him, with the red lights and the painted creatures within, and he was told that his father would follow him cheerfully to the grave, rather than see him go to such places. And then, as the awful consequences of sin were laid before him, he wept, and lay closer to his father. Their lives had mingled, and both came from the sacred communion better and stronger.

I recall another father, one of the busiest men in Utah, who travels much, being away from home most of the time. Once at least, sometimes twice a week, he writes to his boys and girls individually. Not necessarily long letters, but enough to show that he is interested in them, and to call for an answer. It gives him an opportunity to say in black and white, "My dear boy," and sign himself, "Your loving father," and that is more than food or drink to the sensitive, appreciative boy. No wonder that this man's family is held up as one of the most ideal in the Church.

Out of his generous spirit, the boy will always give you as much as you give to him. Advise with him and he will advise with you; confer with him and he will return like confidence; but by failing to meet him in the spirit of concession, you may dam up his stream of confidence and sympathy.

Boys love commendation. Praise will compel them more quickly than punishment. Try this system with your boy. Start

tomorrow and watch him closely for a month. Note every good thing that he does and commend him for it. Say, "That was as good as I could do it," or, "My boy, that was a fine day's work." If he does things wrongly, don't consider at once that it was intentional, but that it was a mistake in judgment on his part, and do nothing further than with reason and good sense to show him how to do better. Do not scold him; remember when you were scolded and how it hurt, and ask yourself if you want some big, superior being to stand over you and scold you. At the end of the month you will see the *man* growing in that boy, he will be developing self-reliance, self-respect, judgment, and more than anything else, appreciation of you. The noble qualities of the soul flourish best in the warm soil of reason, and in the sunlight of kindness. These narrow, peevish, disagreeable, disobedient boys were brought up in some sour, alkali patch of an ignorant father's management. Treat your boy as the beginning of a man; recognize in him that which is really there, *the spirit that makes him*; consider that in him is some degree of intelligence; that he has inherent rights which he brought with him; that in his former sphere he was capable, perhaps, of as much or more than you were. God gave Joseph Smith a good father, as well as giving the father a good son. Stretch your imagination past its limit and imagine, if you can, one of those spirits doing an injustice to another. Invite your boy's judgment and consideration of things, counsel with him, make him your chum, and he won't need so many questionable chums. With these methods, you may acquire an interest in his life that will give you power and influence with him.

How may these theories be applied to the management of the lesser priesthood?

In my opinion, the best kind of family government will be the best kind of church government. The best government is that which needs the least attention. The boy or man who can govern himself will give others little trouble. Family and church government are both based on the recognition of the needs and rights of the governed.

The high priest and elder may be full of the dignity of their lofty calling, but the Great High Priest said, "Suffer little chil-

dren and forbid them not to come unto me." Take the deacons into counsel with you. Weigh their ideas with yours, select the best of your conclusions, then direct and assist them in the carrying out of plans. Remember that the making of the deacon has not eradicated the boy. The boyish impulses are there, improved and sobered somewhat by his sense of responsibility, but still strong in him. If he has shown good work, a little public commendation will gratify and stimulate him. Never condemn him publicly. The criticisms you offer should be on general principles, and given in the quorum; and correction of the individual should be in private, and never administered unless followed by an expression of love as the motive of correction. There is no greater secret in the art of government than the showing forth of genuine kindness after the necessary correction is administered, that the chastised may know that the correction is for their good, and that your affection has not ceased.

Teach correct principles, then, as much as possible, let the lesser priesthood govern themselves, remembering that the young should always be under your watchful eye.

My brethren, let us try to get near to the boys. The world is trying to get close to them; good and wise men are everywhere trying to interest and appeal to them; and bad men are laying plans to tempt and enslave them. Let us absorb every good idea that we can; let us utilize the intelligence of men wherever we find it; and then let the love in our hearts and the spirit of the gospel be the pilot to show us the true way.

POCATELLO, IDAHO.

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## Sweet Sylvia.

---

*(For the Improvement Era.)*

Sweet Sylvia, 'twere no surprise  
I follow you with longing eyes;  
As water finds the lower plains,  
My vision falls where beauty reigns.

THEODORE E. CURTIS.

# Pen Pictures of the Holy Land, From Dan to Beersheba.

BY HAMILTON GARDNER.

## I.—The Damascus of Today.

Damascus is called the oldest city in the world. From the time of Abraham, whose servant Eliezer was a native Damascene, it has played an important *role* in Oriental history. At one time the home of Syrian kings, who fought David and Solomon and other Israelitish monarchs, it later became the most widely famed seat of learning in the East, and for hundreds of years was the capital from which powerful Arabian caliphs ruled the surrounding lands. For Christians, the history of Damascus is of considerable importance, because of its connection with the conversion and first missionary labors of the Apostle Paul.



THE HOUSE OF ANANIAS.

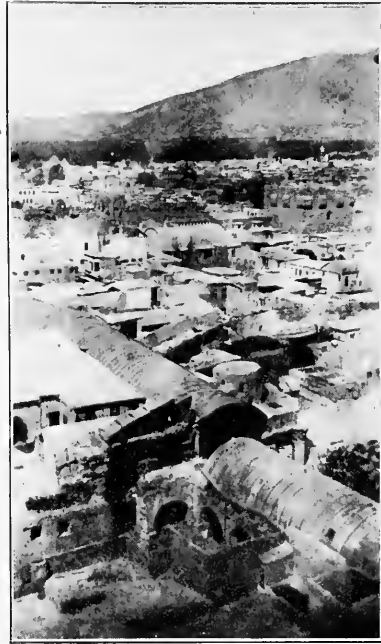
Today, Damascus offers to the visitor many sights of absorbing interest. Of all the cities in the Holy Land usually visited by tourists, none has retained its strictly Oriental character so much as this. The distinctive coloring and charm of Eastern life, the customs and habits of the

people, the Oriental manner of living and thinking can be seen here, with the minimum of Western influence. Add to this the places of Biblical interest, and the value of a visit to this ancient city is apparent.

Usually, the first place a visitor looks up in Damascus is the "street which is called straight." At the present time it could not even be called straight. It will be remembered that Judas, to whose house Ananias was directed to find Paul, lived near this street. The "straight street" it remains to this day, but that is its only reminder of the past; and it in no way differs from other dirty, crooked streets in the city.

The house of Ananias has been located by tradition, and its cellar serves as a chapel, where pilgrims are supposed to pray devoutly, and tourists to give the attendant a liberal tip.

One other place connected with Paul's sojourn is shown, and that is the hole in the city wall through which he escaped at night by being let down in a basket. Only one little discrepancy



"THE STREET WHICH IS CALLED STRAIGHT."

From the minaret of a nearby Mosque,  
Damascus.

could be found with regard to the exactness of this location; namely, that the wall was built by the Turks eleven hundred years after Paul's death. But our guide thought that such a slight technicality as this should not lessen our awe of so holy a place.

Far surpassing these somewhat doubtful Biblical locations, in attraction and interest, are the streets and bazaars of Damascus. A walk through these furnishes a veritable succession of pictures

of Oriental life, unsurpassed, perhaps, anywhere in the world. *Ma-as-salamch*, O reader, peace be with thee! Wilt thou go with me, O unknown one, on a short visit through the bazaars and street of Damascus?

As we walk down the middle of the street—there are no sidewalks—we must keep our wits about us; for the thoroughfare is crowded with almost every kind of conveyance. Poor people on little donkeys ride side by side with Turkish *effendis*, on richly ca-



Photo by the Author.

#### ARAB TYPES.

parisoned horses, and both must get out of the way of the strings of camels that are continually going by. Carriages and carts pass to and fro, while the loud and insistent clanging of a bell proclaims that the electric tramway has invaded these time-honored domains of the primitive methods of travel. Occasionally a herd of donkeys, with jingling bells on their necks, trot rapidly past, and innumerable dogs, belonging to no one, slink through the crowds in search of stray morsels of food.

But just notice the types of people going by. You cannot mistake that Arab yonder. The dress he wears—a long striped cloak of dull brown, with a thin, bright-colored piece of cloth held on the head by two coils of black goat's hair—is the garb worn by these children of the desert from time immemorial. The poorly dressed women you see, with foreheads, lips and cheeks tatoed,

are Bedouins. Their more favored sisters go veiled, and completely envelop themselves in a loosely fitting robe of black, which successfully hides whatever grace of form or feature they may have. The men you notice with long, fur cloaks, and white cloth wrapped around their heads, are Mohammedan priests. The poorer class of Moslems wear a short jacket, a wide belt of cloth, highly colored, and absurdly baggy trousers. The richer ones dress in European style, but all wear the conventional Turkish "fez."



A RAISIN MERCHANT AND HIS CUSTOMERS, DAMASCUS.

Intermingling with all these people are travelers from almost every country of Europe and America. Truly a cosmopolitan collection.

Let me take you now into some of the Damascus bazaars. You must remember that each profession or handicraft has its own particular district. Thus the saddlers have a bazaar of their own, the goldsmiths another, the sellers of spice another—in fact, the business district of the city is simply made up of the bazaars of these different guilds. These streets are all covered and the shops line both sides. We will walk rapidly through some of them, but stop only in the most interesting.

This one, where the men are hammering lustily away, is the coppersmith's market. Some beautiful beaten brass-work can be obtained here. Notice that Bedouin who is purchasing a platter about four feet in diameter. His whole family, and also his

guests, will dine from that one dish. He believes the extent of his hospitality will be judged by the size of the platter; and according to that standard he is certainly generous.

The next bazaar we happen to pass through seems to be filled almost entirely with women, and is apparently the Oriental substitute for a bargain counter sale. Can't you easily guess what is sold here? Silks and draperies, of course. The women go from one stall to another, examine countless pieces of cloth they have no intention of buying, chatter and bargain incessantly over ridiculously small sums, and sometimes, to win their point, coquettishly pull aside their veils and smile at the merchant. But, according to Mohammedan etiquette, it is strictly improper for an infidel dog of a Christian to see a Moslem woman's face, so we must move on.

Here, in the shoemaker's bazaar, we see the long, sharp-pointed, red and yellow shoes the natives wear, and the wooden slippers, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, which Turkish ladies use in the bath.

Some beautiful inlaid furniture can be seen in the wood-turner's street, but the workmen themselves are more interesting. Observe how this one uses his lathe. Sitting down in front of it, he furnishes the motive power by means of a bow-like contrivance in his left hand. With his right he uses his cutting chisel, and steadies this with the toes of his left foot.

Before we go into the next bazaar, let me advise you to be decidedly careful of your money. It is called the Greek bazaar, and is the headquarters for Oriental goods and trinkets of the kind that tourists buy. Of all the shrewd and crafty merchants of the East, the Greek far surpasses all others in the art of separating innocent and unsuspecting tourists from their money—hence my warning. You see, they even stand out in the middle of the street to try to entice us into their shops. And persistence! It's no use telling this fellow that we do not need anything. The only way to get rid of him is to look at his goods. Some of these Persian carpets he is showing you are really genuine, but those knives he says are real Damascus blades were more than likely made in Solingen, Germany. And don't believe a word he says about the sofa cushion he is displaying having been made by some favorite in the Sultan's harem. If the truth were known, it was probably



woven in England. And so he continues. As he shows you lace, beads, shawls and trinkets, he has an exaggerated story to tell of each one. As the most tempting thing in his store, he saves for the last a collection of what he says are old Greek and Roman coins. He is willing to swear to their age and genuineness, but it would not be at all surprising if he had buried them himself a month before. If you do finally decide to purchase anything, give only about one-fourth of the price asked; and even then your conscience need not worry you about cheating the wily Greek.

If our walk through the bazaars has made you thirsty, a drink of one of the many kinds of lemonade, cooled with snow from Mount Lebanon, will allay the feeling. You can obtain it right here in the street. Public drinking fountains are found in Damascus in the shape of the water-carrier, who, with goat-skin slung over his shoulder, and to the loud rattle of two brazen cups, distributes his liquid coolness to the thirsty. Water, flavored with licorice root and raisins, is sold in the same way. In the baker's shops can be seen a tempting array of sweetmeats, many of them in honey, of which the Moslem is very fond; but I should advise you to taste them before you see how they are cooked.

While not approaching the completeness of a modern Ameri-

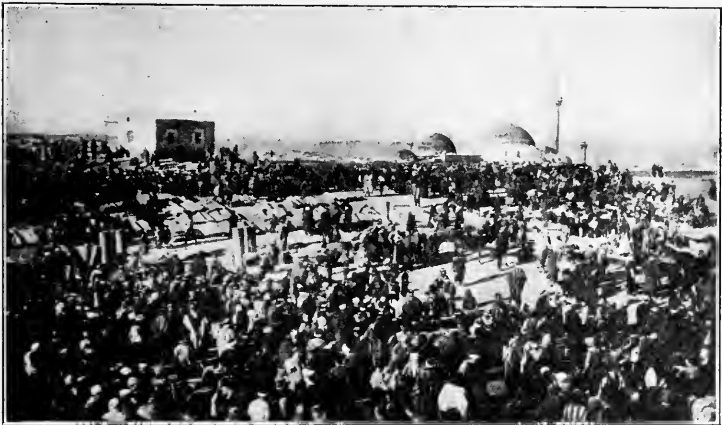


Photo by the Author.

A SYRIAN MARKET.

can department store, still the streets of Damascus are headquarters for almost everything that the man of the East could possibly desire. Peddlers there sell all kinds of fruits, nuts, vegetables, foodstuffs, sweetmeats, clothes, weapons, grass and grain for horses, second hand goods, flowers, and other things too numerous to mention. Each one proclaims, at the top of his voice, that his wares are infinitely superior to all others, so the result is a babel of noise and confusion. Added to this din is the rattle of coin, by which the money-changers advertize their business; the cries of the public letter-writers, inducing people to dictate their letters to them; the sharp shouts of the carriage-drivers; the plaintive moaning of the beggars; and sometimes the humming, droning voices of school boys, as they sit cross-legged on the floor and recite verses from the Koran. More powerful than these, and at the same time more euphonious and musical, are the cries of *muezzins*, as they ascend the minarets of the mosques five times a day and call the people to prayer. Listen, now, as the call in Arabic resounds from one minaret to the other all over the city: "Allah is great. I testify that there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the Prophet of Allah. Come to prayers."

The character of the Damascenes furnishes as interesting a study as their customs and habits. Naturally imbued with the intense fanaticism of the Moslems, they have, in addition to this, a deep pride in their city, and an intense jealousy of Occidental ideas. To them Damascus, with its verdant gardens and sweetly scented orchards, appears as a representation of what heaven will be. Accustomed, as some of them are, to life in the Arabian desert, it is no wonder that this view is held. "Come to Damascus," they say, "and live in paradise." Dost thou, O reader, share this sentiment?

*Ma-as-salameh!*

# The Priesthood as Teachers.\*

BY CHARLES C. RICHARDS, FIRST COUNSELOR IN THE PRESIDENCY OF  
THE OGDEN STAKE OF ZION.

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I have been requested to present to you a paper upon the topic, "The Priesthood as Teachers;" and while the subject is a comprehensive one, the period allotted me is necessarily so brief that I can but touch a few of the important features of it.

As we understand the word priesthood, it means the power and authority to represent God; hence the topic may be defined as "Those who have the power and authority to represent God as teachers." A teacher is said to be one who educates, instructs, communicates knowledge, counsels. And it might be added, that the teacher can only impart to his fellows intelligence previously acquired and retained by him. History, both sacred and profane, teems with evidence of this fact. For it is recorded that

A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil: for of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh (Luke 6: 45).

The necessity of man's being taught has existed in all ages of the world's history. It is recorded that as far back as in the great counsel in heaven, where the creation of this world was determined upon, several vital principles were taught:

1. That the agency of man, which the Lord has given him, cannot be destroyed. 2. That the will of our Heavenly Father

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\* A paper read at the tri-stake Priesthood Convention, Ogden, July 10, 1910.

should be done. 3. That rebellion against God and his purposes will be punished. 4. That greed for power and authority is not Godlike, nor approved of God.

In that great gathering, our Heavenly Father was the chief Teacher. He rejected the offer of Satan to force salvation upon all mankind, and to compensate himself for so doing by taking from the Father his honor and power.

Later, in the Garden of Eden, God taught Adam and Eve that they should multiply and replenish the earth; that they could eat of the fruit of every tree in the garden, except the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and if they chose to eat of that tree, they might do so, but that in the day they should eat thereof that they should surely die. And again, after their banishment from the Garden of Eden, God taught them that they should worship him, and should offer the firstlings of their flocks for an offering unto him.

In the days of Moses, the Lord promised him that he would teach him what he should say to the children of Israel (Ex. 4: 12). Centuries later, Jesus Christ, our blessed Redeemer, taught his disciples, as one having authority, (Matt. 7: 29) how to pray, (Luke 11: 2-4) how to live, (Matt. 22: 35-40) and how to teach, (Matt. 28: 19, 20) commanding them to teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and to observe all things whatsoever he had commanded them (Matt. 28: 19, 20). He also taught them that the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father would send in his name, would teach them all things and bring all things to their remembrance, whatsoever he had said unto them (John 14: 26).

Daily, in the temple and in every house, after the death of the Master, the apostles taught and preached Jesus Christ (Acts 5: 42). The Apostle Paul, in his second epistle to Timothy, said, "And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also" (II Tim. 2: 2).

Upon the issuance of the gospel into this dispensation, we find the Father and the Son instructing and teaching the boy, Joseph Smith—who afterward became known as the prophet of God—that none of the religions of the world were pure, and that he

must not unite with any of them. The Angel Moroni, John the Baptist, Peter, James and John, Moses, Elias and Elijah, each appeared to him, and taught him the gospel plan of salvation. The Holy Ghost also was his frequent companion, and gave unto him revelations and instruction concerning the purposes of the Lord. The same teachings and commandments that were given to the prophets of old in the earlier dispensations, were given to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and through him to the Church in this dispensation.

As early as the 27th of December, 1832, by revelation to the prophet, (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 88) the Lord said:

And I give unto you a commandment, that you shall teach one another the doctrine of the kingdom; teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you, that you may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient for you to understand; of things both in heaven and in the earth, and under the earth; things which have been, things which are, things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of the nations, and the judgments which are on the land, and a knowledge also of countries and of kingdoms. That ye may be prepared in all things when I shall send you again to magnify the calling whereunto I have called you, and the mission with which I have commissioned you. Behold I sent you out to testify and warn the people, and it becometh every man who hath been warned, to warn his neighbor. Therefore, they are left without excuse, and their sins are upon their own heads.

Therefore, tarry ye, and labor diligently, that you may be perfected in your ministry to go forth among the Gentiles for the last time, as many as the mouth of the Lord shall name, to bind up the law and seal up the testimony, and to prepare the Saints for the hour of judgment which is to come.

Therefore, verily I say unto you, my friends, call your solemn assembly, as I have commanded you; and as all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom: seek learning even by study, and also by faith. Organize yourselves, prepare every needful thing, and establish a house, even a house of prayer, a house of fasting, a house of faith, a house of learning, a house of glory, a house of order, a house of God.

Appoint among yourselves a teacher, and let not all be spokesmen

at once; but let one speak at a time, and let all listen unto his sayings, that when all have spoken, that all may be edified of all, and that every man may have an equal privilege.

And again, the order of the house prepared for the presidency of the school of the prophets, established for their instruction in all things that are expedient for them, even for all the officers of the Church, or in other words, those who are called to the ministry in the Church, beginning at the high priest, even down to the deacons.

Acting upon these divine instructions, in January, 1833, (*History of the Church*, Vol. I, pp. 321, 322) and in the fall of 1834 and 1835, schools of the prophets, or elders—all holding the Melchizedek Priesthood—were established at Kirtland, Ohio, wherein the brethren might be more perfectly instructed in the glorious things of God, during the winter season (*History of the Church*, Vol. II, p. 169). Before these schools, in the fall of 1834, the prophet delivered "Lectures on Theology," which were afterwards published in the Doctrine and Covenants, and called "Lectures on Faith" (*History of the Church*, Vol. II, p. 176). The members of the classes were mostly elders, and gave the most studious attention to the all-important object of qualifying themselves as messengers of Jesus Christ, to be ready to do his will in carrying glad tidings to all who would open their eyes, ears and hearts.

In the latter part of the summer and autumn of 1833, a school of elders was organized in Jackson county, Missouri, over which Apostle Parley P. Pratt was called to preside. The class, to the number of sixty, met for instructions once a week. The place of meeting was in the open air, under some tall trees in a retired place in the wilderness, where they prayed, preached, prophesied and exercised themselves in the gifts of the Holy Spirit. There great blessings were poured out, and many great and marvelous things were manifested and taught. The Lord gave him great wisdom, and enabled him to teach and edify the elders, and comfort and encourage them in their preparation for the great work which lay before them. Parley was also much edified and strengthened. To attend the school he had to travel on foot—and sometimes barefooted at that—about six miles (*Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt*, p. 100). While engaged in that

service, Elder Pratt was in correspondence with the prophet, and in answer thereto he received from the Lord, on August 2, 1833, and transmitted to Parley, a revelation showing that the Lord was pleased with the work. I quote from the revelation as follows:

Behold, I say unto you concerning the school in Zion, I, the Lord, am well pleased that there should be a school in Zion, and also with my servant, Parley P. Pratt, for he abideth in me; and inasmuch as he continueth to abide in me, he shall continue to preside over the school in the land of Zion, until I shall give unto him other commandments. And I will bless him with a multiplicity of blessings in expounding all scriptures and mysteries to the edification of the school, and of the Church in Zion.

Verily, I say unto you, that it is my will that an house should be built unto me in the land of Zion, like unto the pattern which I have given you.

For a place of thanksgiving for all Saints, and for a place of instruction for all those who are called to the work of the ministry in all their several callings and offices, that they may be perfected in the understanding of their ministry—in theory, in principle and in doctrine—in all things pertaining to the kingdom of God on the earth, the keys of which kingdom have been conferred upon you.

In the fall of 1835, a portion of the Kirtland temple was finished, and schools were opened in several apartments. The presidency of the Church, the twelve, and many others, were organized into a school for the purpose of studying the Hebrew language. This study, and the meetings of the several quorums for instruction and endowment, occupied most of the winter.

In November, 1835, the prophet was attending school. The *History of the Church* records that, on November 3, he attended and assisted in organizing the Elders' School, called it to order, and spoke upon the object of the school, and the great necessity of the members rightly improving their time and reining up their minds to a sense of the great object that lay before them. The following day he again attended school, during the usual school hours, and it is recorded that they made rapid progress in their studies. In the evening, at his home, he lectured on grammar; and on the following day he also attended school.

The prophet seemed to realize that the glory of God is intelligence; that man cannot be saved in ignorance; that his mission was

to educate and elevate his people as quickly as possible; and that he must work while the day lasted, for the night would come when no man could work.

The object of teaching is to educate, instruct and qualify our fellows and ourselves to live, in the most pleasing and acceptable manner, lives that are noble, upright and unselfish; full of faith, virtue, hope, charity, brotherly love, kindness, self-denial and long-suffering. And how can such teaching be successfully accomplished? Only by those whose lives of purity and self-denial entitle them to the companionship of the Holy Spirit, who have it in rich abundance, and who, by their patient study and constant devotion, evidence that they are ever following in the footsteps and service of the Master.

Then can the teacher most successfully render his service of love and good fellowship:

1. By wholesome example on his own part; for the eye is keen to observe and the brain long to retain its impressions.

2. By precept; for the advice of a friend and brother, free from guile, and inspired of the Lord to teach the way to immortality and eternal life, will never be forgotten.

3. By constant attention to duty and supervision of the work undertaken; that in every day and hour of the week he should greet his neighbor as a friend and brother, and ever be ready to magnify his calling as a teacher of Christ.

4. By consistency in his life; that his example may harmonize, not conflict with and destroy his precepts.

For what does it profit a Saint to be taught in his home the word of wisdom, by one of his fellows, if the next day he meets the same brother on the street and sees him smoking tobacco, or drinking intoxicating beverages? Or, if a man teach his neighbor to observe the Sabbath day and keep it holy, while he himself attends theatres, pleasure resorts, cuts or hauls his hay or grain, works at his shop or trade, or otherwise desecrates the day? Or if a man teaches his brother honesty, and himself has a well-deserved reputation for untruthfulness and trickery?

It is a mockery in the sight of God and true Saints for a man to teach what he does not and will not practice. Far better off are we without than with such teaching. Again, a brother who



violates part of the commandments is not eligible to teach a righteous observance of the others. For it has been said, "Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye" (Matt. 7: 5).

As we have seen, the Lord desires his people to be well informed in regard to all matters relating to the past, present and future of their existence; of the heavens and the earth; things at home and abroad, temporal as well as spiritual; and all things pertaining to the Church and kingdom of God. Surely there is much yet to be learned and taught to the people. We have scarcely begun the conquest. The range and opportunities are limitless as the eternities of space, and the Lord desires us to explore and acquire all the knowledge that can be secured in mortality. What brother, then, whether he be old or young, elder, seventy, high priest or member, can truly say that he has no need to be further taught of God, and the plan of eternal life? For the Lord said to Moses, "Behold, this is my work and my glory, to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man" (Pearl of Great Price 1: 39).

But there are brethren among us who feel that it is unnecessary for them to take time to study the scriptures, and other good books, to thoroughly acquaint themselves with the principles of the gospel, and other precious truths the Lord has commanded us to learn. They feel that it is exacting too much of their time, and discounting the promises of the Lord as well, to ask them to study, under a competent teacher, the gospel principles and the best manner of presenting them, before they go to the pulpit, or the homes of the people, to teach them. The 12th, 13th and 14th verses of section 42 of the Doctrine and Covenants are sometimes relied upon to sustain the views of these brethren. They are as follows:

And again, the elders, priests, and teachers of this Church shall teach the principles of my gospel, which are in the Bible and the Book of Mormon, in the which is the fulness of the gospel; and they shall observe the covenants and the Church articles to do them, and these shall be their teachings, as they shall be directed by the Spirit. And the Spirit

shall be given unto you by the prayer of faith, and if ye receive not the Spirit, ye shall not teach.

But nowhere in these paragraphs is the thought advanced that study is unnecessary. It is merely promised that by the prayer of faith the Spirit will direct what shall be taught, not necessarily how it shall be presented, while the 118th paragraph of section 88 of the Doctrine and Covenants clearly requires study and self-preparation. It is as follows:

And as all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning even by study, and also by faith.

And this latter interpretation was the one placed upon these provisions by the Prophet Joseph and the twelve, immediately after he received them by revelation from the Lord. For they forthwith organized the Elders' schools, at Jackson county, Missouri, and at Kirtland, Ohio, a class in which the Hebrew language was taught to the first presidency, twelve, and other leading men—also grammar and other classes. And in the midst of it all, Joseph the prophet stood forth as the organizer, teacher, lecturer and member. The schools were in session daily in the winter season, teaching the elders how to preach and expound the gospel.

Is it possible that the prophet of God, and the men who communed with him with great frequency, needed such schools of instruction, but that we have no need for them at the present time? No, it is not. It cannot be so. We have great need for preparation classes, and probably no greater need ever existed than at the present time. Classes where the preachers who occupy the pulpits, and the teachers at the fireside alike, can learn the beauties of the gospel truths, and how and when to present them to the people in the most effective manner.

In conclusion, let me say that our motto should be, "Once a teacher, always a teacher." Though we may be called infrequently, either to teach from the pulpit, or even as a ward teacher at the fireside, let our daily lives, and each hour of the day, be examples of truthfulness, sincerity, sobriety, virtue, charity, faith, hope and confidence in God and our fellowman. Remember we are always seen of God, angels and our fellows. Let no one of them ever feel ashamed of us or of our conduct.

# Joseph Smith, a Prophet of God.

BY ELDER GEORGE W. CROCKWELL.

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## I.

The question of extreme importance, Was Joseph Smith a prophet of God? is one that should not be passed lightly by. In regard to it, every man and woman upon the face of the whole earth should know the truth. Upon this most important question hangs the destiny not only of the inhabitants of this nation, but of every nation and isle of the sea upon the whole earth. The Latter-day Saints testify that Joseph was called and chosen to be a prophet of the Lord, and upon this is based the foundation of their faith; while there are people of different lands who assert positively that he was an impostor.

The accusation is made that he is looked upon by his followers as being equal, if not superior, to the Savior of the world. There never was anything more ridiculous, absurd, or untrue. He is counted, however, by them as among the greatest of God's prophets.

If he was called and chosen as a prophet of the Most High, it is necessary that every person render obedience to the gospel which he promulgated, if he hopes or desires to become a member of the Church of Christ. It was restored to the earth by angels and divine messengers from the heavens, with authority from God to administer in all the ordinances thereof. If Joseph was not so called, thousands have been deceived and are yet in their sins. Either he was a prophet of God, or he was not. Such being the case, it would be the part of wisdom for everyone to lay aside his prejudices, and with a humble heart investigate the claims

and the works of this man, asking the Heavenly Father to direct him in the path of right.

There is no middle ground upon which the name of Joseph Smith can stand. He was either a true prophet of God, or he was not. It shall be my object to endeavor to prove, from a few of his prophecies, that he was an inspired man, a true prophet of the Lord.

In the writings of Moses, the law-giver to Israel, there is a rule or test which the Lord himself gave, whereby the children of men might be able, in all ages of the world, to discern a true prophet from an impostor: "When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken, but the prophet hath spoken it presumptuously: thou shalt not fear him" (Deut. 18: 22).

Under this law, it would be consistent to weigh the question at issue, and all Latter-day Saints are willing that the man whom they honor as one of the greatest of the prophets of the world, shall be judged by this law, and if he fails to pass this test favorably, I for one am willing to admit that they have been deceived.

The first prophecy which he gave to the world was the words spoken to him by an angel, who said his name was Moroni—one of the ancient inhabitants of this land—as follows: "God has a work for you to do; and your name shall be had for good and evil among all nations, kindred and tongues—or it shall be both good and evil spoken of among all people."

How great the presumption, how great the egotism that would have led this unlettered boy of fourteen years of age to have uttered this prophecy in and of himself! A boy whose name, in the regular or natural course of events, would, in all probability, never have been known outside of the immediate neighborhood in which he lived. He did not come of renowned parentage. His name was one of the most common in the English language. He was not domiciled in the habitations of the wealthy, but he was a child of the common people. His father was an honest but poor farmer. He was born and bred to the trials of the poor.

Has that prophecy been fulfilled? Let the world answer. Take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the

earth; go into every nation, and wherever you find the gospel of Jesus Christ taught or preached, there you will also find the name of Joseph Smith held in honor and reproach. There was, at the time of his going to the grove to ask his Heavenly Father's guidance, a great religious revival in the neighborhood, in which several of the different sects took part, and he was mystified to hear one say, "Lo! here is Christ," another say, "Here is the way," and another cry, "Here is the way to be saved!" He did not believe that the Lord was the author of such confusion. He knew that, since they taught different doctrines, they all could not be right. Never for an instant, however, did he imagine that they all were wrong. Having read from the Apostle James (1: 5) "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him," he went to seek light in prayer.

The Lord, in answer to his prayer, appeared unto him, accompanied by his Son Jesus Christ, in a glorious vision. He was told to join none of the sects, for they had all gone out of the way. They taught for doctrines the commandments of men. He was dumbfounded to hear this; and, hastening to his home, he found a preacher of one of these sects and to him, in his childlike simplicity and innocence, he related what he had both seen and heard. His heart overflowed with joy, that he was able to inform this so-called man of God of the vision, and perhaps be the means of causing him to turn his feet into the path of right. But how unspeakably astonished he no doubt was to hear this great and good man—as he believed him to be—treat him with scorn, turn his story into ridicule, and tell him that the days of revelation were passed, that God no longer spoke from the heavens, and that what he had seen was all from the devil! Believing that God was no respecter of persons, and was the same yesterday, today and forever, he was filled with amazement to hear this preacher of righteousness make this declaration. Like Paul, Joseph knew he had seen a vision, no matter what any one said to the contrary.

Beginning with this minister of the gospel who thus held him up to continual scorn and ridicule, persecution started, and from that time his life was full of trials and hardships. Hunted upon every side, placed in the jails of Illinois and Missouri, arrested and

tried over two score times for various crimes—but upon trial being always acquitted—at last, when in jail at Carthage, Illinois, the mob declared, “The law cannot touch him, powder and shot shall!” He died a martyr to the cause of truth, giving his life for his friends. He sealed his testimony—that the gospel had been restored to the earth through his instrumentality—with his blood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PORTLAND, OREGON.

## Capernaum.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

“Capernaum, thou shalt be cast down to hell!”  
 ’Twas spoken in a time long passed away;  
 Unheeded, the prophecy on them fell—  
 O’ertaken all, they perished in a day.

An earthquake buried thee beneath the ground;  
 Thy tott’ring buildings fell in heaps of stone;  
 Then ope’d the earth—the people none were found—  
 Their names and habitations still unknown.

Ah! was it here Christ did those wondrous things?  
 O was it here that he pronounced thy doom?  
 O city lost, how bitter are the stings  
 And punishment, that end not in the tomb!

But in this age, this resurrection day,  
 Thy time is come, light falls again on thee;  
 The destruction shows that hid thee away,  
 Yet not completed is thy destiny.

Then come ye forth, thy story speak aloud,  
 No longer sleep, all hidden ’neath the sod!  
 Cast off the clods that bind, and leave thy shroud,  
 Gaze once again upon the works of God!



RUINS OF THE SYNAGOGUE AT CAPERNAUM.

Ah ! his displeasure thou hast suffered long,  
In silence born it, hidden there from sight;  
Come forth, and sing a resurrection song,  
And bask again in heaven's glorious light !

LYDIA D. ALDER.

AT THE EXCAVATION OF CAPERNAUM, APRIL, 1905.

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### Consolation.

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*(For the Improvement Era.)*

When the cold frost of death  
Falls on the lea,  
And, sorrow-laden, you  
Call on Me,  
Know that your faded flower,  
Blossoms in heaven's bower,  
Only a single hour  
Hidden from thee.

THEODORE E. CURTIS.

## Natural Development.

BY PROF. J. C. HOGENSON, OF THE STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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It is by some an accepted theory that, in its most primitive condition, the earth was a globe of fire, cast off by centrifugal force from some larger or central body, and that it has been gradually cooling through the almost countless ages of the past. The secondary condition of the world is supposed to have been a hot, seething, boiling mass, which converted the moisture of its atmosphere into great masses of vapor. This rose, until reaching a cold medium, it condensed and poured back upon the earth in such torrents of rain as finally to cool the surface. Here the water found lodgment, gradually accumulating and cooling, until at length it covered the entire globe, so as to form a universal sea. The water, percolating through the rents in the rocks, produced by steam, constantly enlarged the fissures, and with the assistance of gases, began to change the appearance of the surface by causing violent eruptions that threw up vast bodies of land. Every displacement served to increase more rapidly the appearance of land. Thus were the seas and continents formed.

Life first appeared in the water, and was of a very simple organization, as well as diminutive in size, consisting of only one cell. Fishes then came into being, to be succeeded by more and more complex creatures, as the land became able to support such creatures as were adapted to an existence both in and out of water. It is supposed by many that from the simple, flower-like protozoans, that first appeared in the heated waters, there came into being higher orders, as the sea grew colder, until not only the shark and whale were called into existence, but there followed huge amphibians, or land animals. The land continued to cool and



increase, and there appeared a wondrous growth of vegetation which grew to the height of four or five hundred feet. This, by eruptions and changes, was buried and forms our present coal beds. As the centuries rolled on, the temperature was gradually modified, and new forms of life appeared, to suit the new environment, and whose organizations were adapted to the new conditions. Insects now filled the trees, and butterflies ravaged the wealth of flowers which clustered everywhere. Monsters appeared among the vegetation, so that the dense woods resounded with caw, roar, bellow, croak and grunt, as victim fled from pursuer.

All of these phases were but transitory and preparatory processes of nature, by which the earth became fitted for the abode of man. He was born, we are told in holy writ, in the Garden of Eden, among the birds, beasts and flowers. The sixth day, or period of creation, is the time when God endowed him with superior attributes, with intelligence above all other creatures. Whether man originated from a monad (single cell) or was made by separate creation, need concern us but little; for in either case the necessity of a First Great Cause is evident. (In religion we deal with first causes; in science we deal with secondary causes.)

We can scarcely believe or comprehend the multitudes of different forms of life that live upon our globe. By the aid of the microscope we are able to discover life in every blade of grass, and even in the very dust upon the roads. We scarcely ever breathe but that we inhale innumerable living things. Where, then, does life stop? Who knows? Perhaps these small creatures are in their turn recipients of beings infinitely small compared to themselves. Most of the diseases that afflict the human race come from these minute causes. Place a dish of stagnant water under the microscope and there appears a swarming population, so small that some of them are not more than .25000 of an inch in length. These, by bounds and jumps, transform the field of vision into an immense world full of life.

Let us gaze for a moment into the supposed future. Slowly and imperceptibly the heat of the sun declines, and the temperature of the earth sinks by equally slow degrees. Thousands of years pass away, glacial periods come and go, and the heat still

grows less. Little by little the drifting masses of ice extend far and wide, ever toward more southern shores. At last all the seas of earth become one unbroken mass of ice, life vanishes from its surface, and is to be found in the ocean depths alone. The temperature continues to fall, the ice grows thicker and thicker. Thousands of years roll on and the ice reaches the bottom. The last traces of life then disappear, and the earth is covered with perpetual snow and ice. She rolls on in her path through eternity. Like a faintly glowing disk, the sun crosses the sky. The moon is scarcely visible. The stars twinkle on in silence; some are burned out, but others twinkle in their places. New life is teeming in other planets; other suns give forth their heat and light. This, in short, is the great cycle of eternity.

We cannot measure the simple needs,  
 Of even the tiniest flower,  
 Nor check the flow of the golden sands  
 That run through a single hour;  
 But the morning dews must fall,  
 And the sun and the summer rain  
 Must do their part and perform it all,  
 Over and over again.  
 Over and over again,  
 The brook through the meadow turns,  
 And over and over again,  
 The plant into earth returns.

In the Psalms, the poet David first looked out upon nature and felt his littleness; then he looked farther and saw his greatness. You can imagine him lying on the hills looking up into the heavens, at the stars, as they shone so clearly in the eastern sky. Palestine was a world to him. He knew not the great steppes of Russia, the plains of China, or the wilderness of Africa. The mountains around Jerusalem are but foothills when compared with the Himalayas. The Jordan is but a brook when compared with the Mississippi or the Amazon. The Mediterranean is scarcely more than an inland sea, when compared with the Atlantic or the Pacific, over which we sail, knowing that beneath our feet are valleys as deep and mountains as high as man ever gazed upon. To the Psalmist, the stars were mere points of light. He did not

know, perhaps, what immense distances separate this world from other and larger worlds; yet he was inspired to write:

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens. \* \* \* \*

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and stars which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands. \* \* \* \*

When we realize this greatness of nature, we are almost inclined to say, "We are but insects on a globe of sand. The world is an ant-hill, and we but ants upon it." We may also, and should, so look upon nature that its very grandeur will awe us and make us feel more keenly and vividly the great mission which God has placed us here to perform.

LOGAN, UTAH.

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## The Sacrament.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

With Adam and the first great sin,  
Eternal Death was ushered in;  
And fell its stern and fatal ban  
O'er all the race of fallen man.

There was no power in man to save  
The groping nations from the grave,  
Till a redeeming arm of love  
Was given from the courts above.

He came, the mighty Prince of Peace,  
To cope with Death for our release;  
He died, and in the grave alone,  
He conquered Death upon his throne.

So, when we meet to take afresh  
The emblems of his broken flesh,  
Remember, by his sacrifice,  
Of all that live Death only dies.

THEODORE E. CURTIS.

## Sunny Days in Ireland.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "ADDED UPON," "THE CASTLE BUILDER," ETC.

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Ireland to some people is a land of fogs and much rain; but to me it stands for blue skies, warm, soft breezes, the green of growing grass and blossoming trees; and, above all, a week of warm, sunny days in pleasant company. That week in the Emerald Isle stands out in my memory as one of the most pleasurable in my life.

President Heber J. Grant, his wife, Emily W. Grant, their two little girls, Emily and Frances, and the writer, left Liverpool on the Dublin boat at twelve noon, Saturday, May 20, 1905, landing at Dublin the following morning. President Grant was due in Belfast the next day to attend conference, but owing to missing train connections, and the lack of Sunday trains, it appeared as if he would fail to reach his destination in time. In his characteristic determination to "get there," he even made enquiries if it were possible to get an automobile for the trip to the north of the island; but this failed also. He, however, managed to arrive in time to attend some of the conference meetings.

There is a thriving branch of the Church at Dublin, most of the members not being Irish, but German. A number of enterprising German Saints, having found it a profitable business to sell pork in all its varied forms and grindings to the inhabitants of Dublin, had invited others of their fellow countrymen to come over and partake of their good fortune and opportunities, and so there is quite a colony of German pork-butchers in the capital of the Emerald Isle. The Saints received us loyally. We attended the

Sunday school in their hall, away up in the third story of a building on Sackville street, Dublin's one big, wide street.

As the day was fine, Sunday afternoon, one of the Saints showed Sister Grant, the little girls and me around. There are a good many places of historic interest in the city, but as it was Sunday we did not have access to them. In our rambles we were led to Phoenix park—and that put an end to further sight-seeing in the capital city of Ireland.

Phoenix park is one of the largest in the world, comprising a tract two thousand acres in extent. The point which lies nearest to the city consists of a high plateau, laid out in walks, grass, lakes, tiny watercourses and falls, flower beds, a beautiful and remarkable variety of trees and shrubbery. Lying there, high above the smoke, dirt and noise of the city, it is an ideal place for rest. One of the largest lawn plats—acres in extent—stretched away in velvety green, soft and smooth and level as the rug on a parlor floor. Great, beautiful trees bordered this lawn, and scattered here and there were an abundance of restful, easy chairs. There were a good many people out, but not enough to make it crowded or disagreeable. Children played on the grass. The ladies sat and read contentedly. Others strolled about. We remained in the park until it was time to go home and to the evening meeting.

Monday morning we went back to the park. We wouldn't think of going anywhere else—not while Phoenix park was so near at hand, and the day was so sunny and warm. We engaged an Irish driver, and had our first ride in a jaunting car around the park, to the extent of ten or a dozen miles. We visited the big stone monument erected to that famous Irishman, the Duke of Wellington. Then we went to the beautiful corner-spot again. That afternoon the place was ideal. The day was perfect—warm, soft, inclined to be dreamy. There was just a sprinkling of nurses with baby carriages, and children tumbling over the lawn. We sat on the easy chairs and tried to read, but that was impossible. It was sacrilege to try to get interested in a printed page when nature spoke in such eloquent beauty all around us.

There is a very good zoological garden in Phoenix park. We saw the animals that afternoon. The monkey house was one of

the biggest I had ever seen—and one can watch a house full of monkeys with never flagging interest. But the lions and tigers were especially attractive. There were a good many, and when feeding time came the lions roared lustily. It was an impressive sight to see a tiger, with cat-like agility, catch the raw meat thrown to it, and then keep a continuous snarl of fierce outbursts for fifteen minutes before it would be quiet enough to eat.

President Grant joined us the next day, and we planned to leave for Killarney on the noon train, but we were hindered, for some cause, and had to wait until three o'clock. What should we do to spend the time? Why, go to the Phoenix park, of course—and so we did.

The train took us right across Ireland, and we obtained a good view of the wonderfully green island in the sweep of the warm Atlantic winds and rains. The whole of the interior seemed to us to be one low level stretch, boggy and wet. Hedges lined the roads and boundaries, and a brilliantly yellow furze bush made great daubs of color on the universal green.

The next morning we awoke at Killarney. The word is suggestive of "a bewitching vista of blue hills, placid lakes, sparkling streams and romantic waterfalls," but we find that none of these are to be seen. The sights are a mile or more away. The town itself is a small, somewhat squalid village, a hundred and eighty-six miles southwest from Dublin. The whole town, together with much of the surrounding country, belongs to the Earl of Kenmare.

And now arrangements must be made to visit the famous lakes. The town is full of people who are eager to help you do this. The hotels have elaborate excursions outlined by which the tourists may get to see Killarney in all its parts and details, at the same time prolonging his stay as long as possible. We, however, had no time—not to speak of means—for this, so we arranged to "do" the lakes in one day.

We began our pilgrimage by seating ourselves in a buggy—in Ireland it would be called a carriage or car—and being driven along the borders of the lower lake towards the mountains. In the course of an hour or so we arrived at the entrance of the Gap of Dunloe, a gorge or small canyon in the hills. Here we were shown "Kate Karney's cottage," wherein we saw the turf



Sunrise over the Wasatch, just East of Salt Lake City, and near Emigration Canyon.

Photo by Shipley.

fire burning in the fireplace, and Kate Karney's daughter or granddaughter—I forget which—eager to sell us souvenirs. Here, at the entrance to the Gap, we alighted from the carriages, as this is as far as the wagon road is made. The four miles through the defile must be walked, or horses must be hired for riding. Out of the small band of ponies and shaggy horses offered us, we selected two for the little girls—the rest of us decided we would rather walk.

Viewed by the eyes of Westerners, from the Rocky mountains, the Gap of Dunloe is somewhat of a tame affair. It might be likened to a tenth-rate Utah canyon, though, of course, it might appear quite grand to those who had never seen anything grander. "And to think," we said, "that we have traveled this long distance to see this, when a walk up City Creek canyon would give us an equally beautiful view!" There are some large, fantastic rocks on either side, but there is plenty of room for a wagon road. A few boulders are left, no doubt for a purpose, where a road might easily be made. But the owners of horses in the vicinity must also make a living, as well as the coachmen and wagon men, and so the wagon road ends where it does.

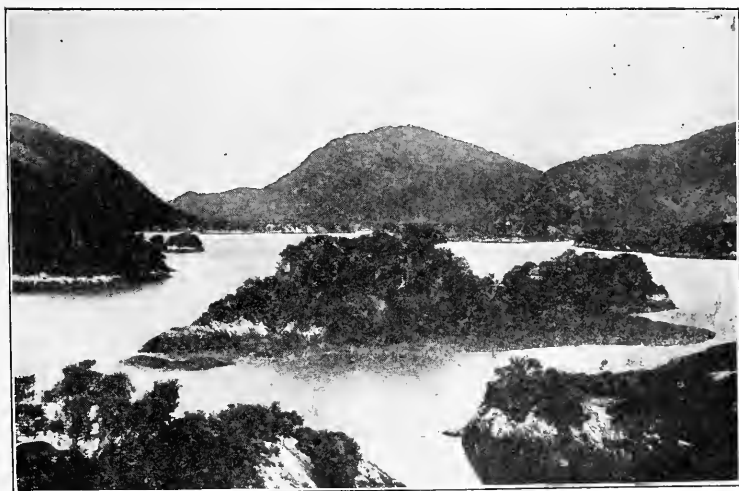
The day was fair and warm, just pleasant for walking; and we were not permitted to gaze at the scenery all the time, for all along the route we met with people who desired to amuse us. There are some good echoes in places, and for sixpence a man would fire a shot that we might hear the echo. Another played the violin, and the echo came clear and distinct from the crags on the other side. A small stream flows along the bottom of the defile, expanding now and then into small lakes of black-looking water. One of these,—Black Lough—we are told, is the identical spot where St. Patrick drowned the last snake in Ireland. Seated on the rocks by the roadside, at proper distances apart, were Irish women selling milk to the thirsty traveler. If the milk pitcher did not tempt us to drink, the women drew aside their shawls and gave us a peep at something stronger in a flask, with the assurance that we would get a "drop of the creature" in our milk.

The owners of the horses accompanied us, and if desired would lead them along for the rider. These genial Irish gentlemen have a vast fund of information to give to the visitor. Here is a sample:



“Among the nearby hills there is a small lake renowned for its fabulous depth. A well-known professor, who was in that part, was climbing the hills, when Pat, his guide, asked him if he would like to see this lake, ‘for it’s no bottom at all, sorr.’ ‘How do you know that, Pat?’ asked the professor. ‘Well, sorr, I’ll tell ye. Me own cousin was showin’ the pond to a gentleman one day, sorr, and he looked incredulous like, just as you do, and me cousin couldn’t stand it for him to doubt his word, and so he said, I’ll prove the truth of me words, he said, and off with his clothes and into the water he jumped.’ The professor’s face wore an amused expression. ‘Yes, sorr, in he jumped, and didn’t come up again, at all, at all!’ ‘But,’ said the professor, ‘I don’t see that he proved his point by drownin’ himself.’ ‘Is it drowned? Not a bit drowned, at all, he was! Sure, didn’t a cable come from him next day in America askin’ for his clothes to be sent on!’”

Dunloe Gap opens into a valley wherein lies the upper of the Killarney lakes. We caught a glimpse of the water from over the hills, and we soon wended our way down into the valley. Before we could reach the lake, however, we had to pass a toll gate and



THE ISLANDS, UPPER LAKE KILLARNEY.

pay a shilling to get through. Here we parted company with the horses and their attendants, they climbing back again through the Gap to be ready for the morrow's victims. Our guides proved to be pleasant fellows, even though they did not know the difference between the Irish shamrock and a common three-leaved clover.

A boat, two rowers, and a lunch basket were waiting for us. We were glad to spread the lunch on the grass and to eat. The rest was also acceptable. But we soon embarked, and the boat was headed down the stream. We soon came to the Upper lake proper, a small body of water two and one half miles long by half a mile wide. The lake is studded with islands—some mere bare rocks, others covered with grass and trees. The hills on each side are densely clad with verdure, oft reflected in the placid waters. We glided in and out among the islands, and shortly came to the stream which connects this body of water with the Middle lake. We soon came to the Eagle's Nest, a high mountain on the left, where again the echoes are very easily awakened. At the lower end of the channel the water flows more swiftly, and we should have "shot the rapids" under the old Weir Bridge; but this event, described in the guide books as a very exciting thing to do, was a very tame affair. Perhaps the water was low that season, for the boatman had to push with the oars, and the boat scraped on the bottom as we passed through.

We were now at what, with Irish perversity, is called the "Meeting of the Waters," for the stream here separates into two channels.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,  
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,

sang the poet of this spot; and we can call it nothing but beautiful, although we would not go quite so far as the poet.

We now emerged into the Middle lake, about a mile wide and two long. We were soon rowed across the straight that leads us into the large Lower lake, a beautiful body of water about five miles by three. Thackeray, in his *Irish Sketch Book*, when replying to the question, "What is to be said about the Middle lake?" said:

When there, we agreed that it was more beautiful than the large lake; then when we came back, we said, "No, the large lake is the more

beautiful;" and so at every point we stopped, we determined that that particular spot was the prettiest. The fact is, I don't care to own them, they are too handsome. As for a man coming from his desk in London or Dublin, and seeing the whole lakes in a day, he is an ass for his pains. A child, doing a sum in addition, might as well read the whole multiplication table and fancy he had it by heart.

The writer of this sketch may come under Thackeray's classification; "but sure" he was enjoying it, even if but for a day. Those who had time and money certainly would do better to linger longer among these charming spots, but for us half a loaf was better than no bread.

The day continued to be clear. When we were well out into the



MEETING OF THE WATERS, KILLARNEY.

larger lake the wind came up, and the waves began to roll pretty high. Our boat was a small one, and we had to be careful lest the waves dash over into our laps. We watched the expression on the faces of the rowers, as the wind came stronger, and we saw that they turned to get under shelter of a headland. It was a good thing that they did, for the lake soon became pretty rough. In rounding the outer point of this headland we saw the island of Innisfallen, one of the most beautiful of the many

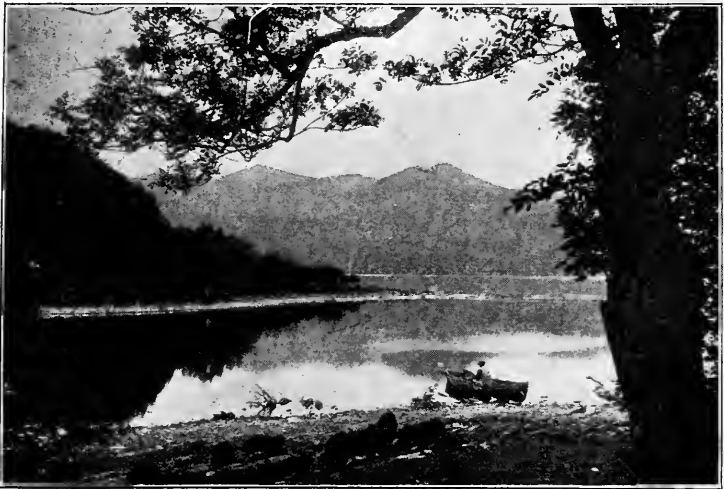
islands in this lake. We could not land and inspect it, so we will have to be satisfied with Moore's famous lines:

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,  
 May calm and sunshine long be thine,  
 How fair thou art let others tell,  
 While but to feel how fair be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell  
 In memory's dream that sunny smile  
 Which o'er thee on that evening fell,  
 When first I saw thy fairy isle.

We were landed at the ruins of Rose castle—big high walls of stone, which, of course, has its romantic history. There are more famous echoes around Rose island, among which might also be named this Irish story:

Paddy, wishing to improve on the original article, sent a man to conceal himself in the ruins of the castle. Then the boatman sings out, "How do you do, Paddy Blake?" to which the response comes, "Very well, thank you!" This particular guide always speaks of the echo as if it were a lady. "Pat," he was asked, "why do you apply the feminine gender when talking about the



INNISFALLEN, KILLARNEY.

echo?" "Feminine gander, your honor? Sure, I never called the echo a goose, she's too smart for that!" "No—you don't understand—why do you address the echo as a woman?" "Sure," replied the enlightened Pat, "'tis because she always has the last word."

At Rose castle we took the carriage back to Killarney and the hotel; but, as there was still a good part of the beautiful afternoon left, we drove out to Muckross abbey and its grounds, situated on the shore of the Lower lake.

Muckross abbey is one of those "beautiful ruins" which the tourist so much admires. Its great age gives it an added charm—it was built in the year 1340. The grounds around this ruin in truth are very charming. The gently rolling greensward is dotted with trees, some of which we pronounced the most beautiful we had ever seen. Immense, they were, with great, round, smooth branches reaching skyward. Queen Victoria, while on a visit to this spot, planted a group of trees, now called the Royal Family. Within the walls of the ruin, a magnificent yew tree spreads its branches over the crumbling, moss-covered stones. The grounds are beautifully laid out and kept. The luxuriant vegetation, some of which seems to be of a semi-tropical nature, shows that this is a protected spot of the Emerald Isle. We could well believe the statement made to us, that Jay Gould himself had tried to buy the estate.

The day closed before we saw very much of these lovely grounds, so we had to go back to the hotel. Sister Grant, however, was not to be cheated out of a more intimate acquaintance with such loveliness. We had planned to visit Cork, and Blarney castle, the next day, but she chose to remain and bask one more day in the sunny mellowness of Killarney, rather than to risk the tiresome journey further south. So I left them and continued on the southern trip alone, singing:

By Killarney's lakes and fells,  
Emerald isles and winding bays,  
Mountain paths and wooded dells,  
Memory ever fondly strays.

# Hypocrisy.

BY GEORGE D. KIRBY.

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Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity (Matt. 23: 28).

Just prior to the crucifixion of the Savior, he made a scathing denunciation of the Pharisees in which, among other things, he gave utterance to the above sentence. This whole chapter of Matthew is a stern rebuke to the hypocrite, and Christ's teachings to his disciples about this time were a continuous warning to beware of those who appeared "outwardly beautiful as whited sepulchers, but who within were full of dead men's bones." They were false spirits and their mission was to deceive.

That which I have referred to above occurred in the year 33, the year in which the Christ was crucified, and we find God, seventeen hundred and ninety-eight years later, giving his Church the same counsel through the Prophet Joseph Smith, ending with a warning which all men will do well to remember, "Let every man beware lest he do that which is not in truth and righteousness before me" (Doctrine and Covenants 50: 9).

The faithful are those who listen not to the hypocrite, but endure to the end, either in life or death, and they will inherit eternal life as their reward; but deceivers and hypocrites are deceiving themselves as well as others, and will be brought to judgment and condemned.

Of course, some have been innocently and ignorantly deceived, and the Lord has said that they shall be reclaimed; but how much better it will be for us always to act in truth and righteousness, giving heed to the Lord and his teachings, rather than to the

hollow mockery of the hypocrites. How much better to avoid the necessity of proving, on the day of judgment, that we have been misled through ignorance!

Notwithstanding there are many false spirits among us, there is much truth in the world, and this truth is broadening and will one day encompass the whole world, in accordance with the divine plan of God; but there is much to do before that condition is reached. "The harvest is great and the laborers few," and these few must not only teach the truth, but must denounce and wipe out the sophistry of the emissaries of Satan—the hypocrites.

In order to accomplish this end, which *will* be accomplished in due time, of course, men must be continually on their guard. Elder O. F. Whitney, in his epic poem, *Elias*, has this to say:

Be not beguiled: not what men think and say,  
But what God sees and knows, is what avails.

Men will be and are continually called upon to decide what is mere sophistry and what is truth; but if they have the proper spirit within them, they will not be led far astray. But, alas, so many do not possess the spirit they should. There is a tendency among the Saints to disregard, more or less, the teachings which are given them. If they live according to their best knowledge, there would be no saloons among us; there would be no use for tea and coffee and tobacco; there would be less of a craze for amusement; our meetinghouses would be so crowded as to require larger ones; new temples would have to be erected in order to satisfy the demands for work for the dead; no difficulty would be experienced in getting plenty of missionaries to preach the gospel to the world; and there would be a spirit of forgiveness and faith such as few people have ever felt.

Why do we not always live according to our highest convictions, and the light of the gospel? Is it because we have not been blessed of the Lord? No, it is not. Is it, then, because there is a degree of hypocrisy and deceit among us? When our enemies charge us with this and kindred qualities, there may be too much truth in the charges. And yet it is not a great deal that the Lord has required of us, and it is, moreover, of the highest benefit to us. But instead of doing all that he has required us to do, we

choose often to stoop to petty sins that deprive us of blessings in this life and the other.

We are too susceptible altogether to the influences that surround us. The Lord has commanded us to come out of Babylon; yet some follow after her in theories and fashions. We affiliate with those who would do us injury, adopt their ideas, and follow their practices. When will we leave off this? Instead of leading, we are led. In too many households of the world we see poodle dogs, pussy cats, birds and other things, that can be tethered by a string in order that mothers may attend clubs, etc., whereas, mothers should be rearing children and training them in the fear of God. The Latter-day Saints should see to it that these evil practices are not adopted by them.

Some one has said, "The most deceived man is the one who deceives himself."

I am reminded of the story of the Brooklyn woman who possesses a model servant in all respects, except that she is none too truthful. Lately the mistress has been using all her eloquence to make Nora see the error of her deceitfulness, but she had to own herself beaten when Nora, with a beaming Irish smile, turned to her, and in a most cajoling tone said, "Sure now, mum, an' wot de ye suppose the power of desavin' was given us for?"

But, brethren, whatever we really are, that let us be in all fearlessness. Whatever we are not, that let us cease striving to seem to be—and we will be better citizens, better friends, and better candidates for the kingdom of God.

SUGAR CITY, IDAHO.

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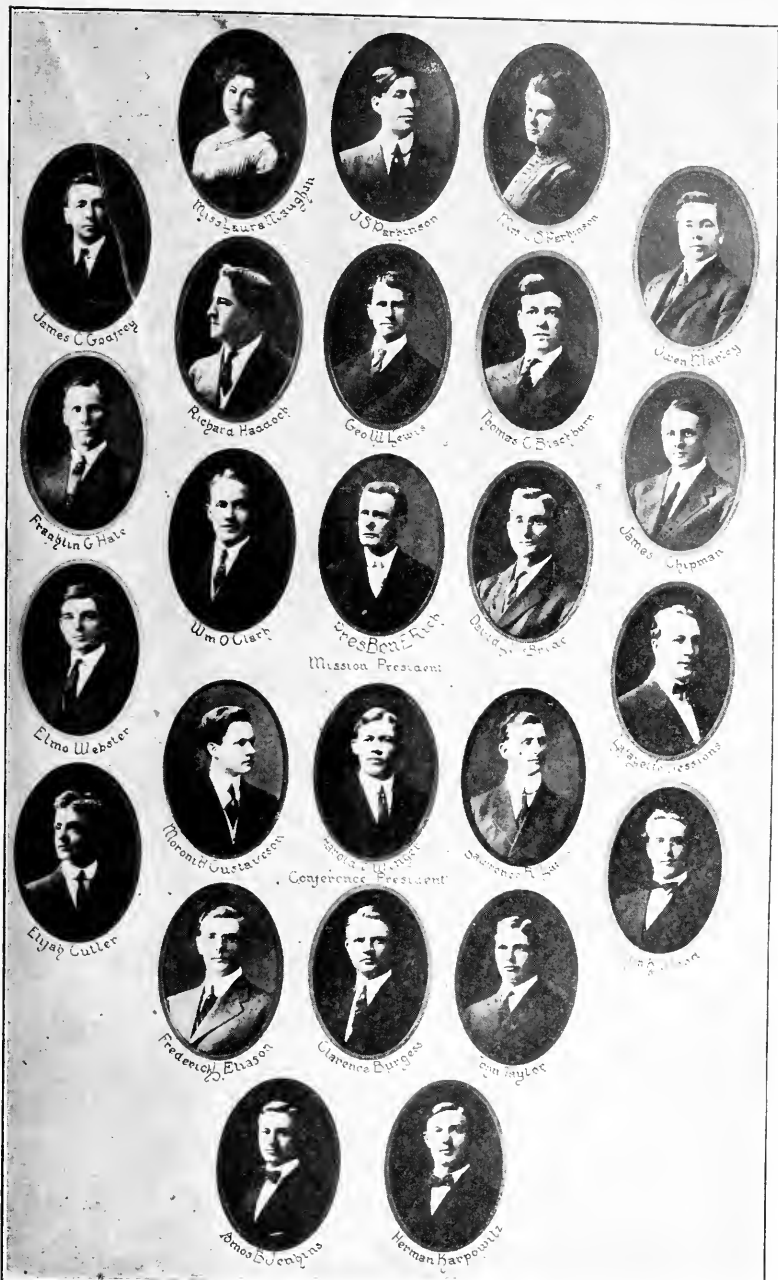
## The Philosophy of Opposition.

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"In the making of a man, power is born of opposition; struggle begets strength; resistance provokes vigor of body and of spirit, the very obstacles to progress make progress possible. . . . Wherever resistance is overcome, limitations removed, or difficulties transferred into advantages, there is a conquest of character, and the growth of a larger soul in the process of appropriating to itself a larger world."

JOHN GRIER HIBBEN, *Atlantic Monthly*.





MISSIONARIES OF THE BROOKLYN CONFERENCE, EASTERN STATES MISSION.

Taken just before the Brooklyn and New York Conferences were joined.

# The Crown of Individuality.\*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

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## XII.—The Crimes of Respectability.

Respectability wears white robes of superiority and is vain of her virtues. Respectability keeps within the pale of human and social law though breaking the laws of—the finer code of the soul. With Pharisaic self-complacency she withdraws her dainty skirts from contact with crime. She sits serene and self-appointed in the seat of judgment and deals out hard condemnation on the offenders of human law—the criminals, the outcasts of society. Let Respectability listen for a moment to the charges to be brought against her and then quietly, squarely and honestly face the issue and see its justice.

We must realize as an absolute fact that all the crimes of criminals in any city or state, massed together and awful as they may be, cause but a very small part of the suffering of life, and affect but a small fraction of the people compared with—the crimes of respectability. Let us realize that it is from the regular army of respectability that life's greatest sorrow comes—not from the scattered skirmishers of crime. If we honestly accept and believe truth, we have a new illumination, a high impulse, and a noble inspiration towards higher, simpler living.

Were we to question a thousand or a million men we would find that but a small percentage have ever had their lives darkened by deeds of crime, in fact, by any acts punishable by human

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\* From *The Crown of Individuality*. Copyright, 1909, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

aw. But from the cruel, unnecessary, unpunishable weakness and injustice of every-day life—none is ever long immune. The crimes of respectability are gossip, jealousy, envy, bitter words, hypocrisy, scandal, malice, persistent meannesses and injustice, lying, temper, hard, uncharitable judgment, selfishness, spite, ingratitude, treachery, and—a host of others.

Gossip is one of the popular crimes that has caused infinitely more sorrow in life than—murder. It is drunkenness of the tongue; it is assassination of reputations. It runs the cowardly gamut from mere ignorant, impertinent intrusion into the lives of others to malicious slander. If facts do not exist it creates them. If the facts be innocent it somehow juggles them into evidence of black guilt. In interpretation it always chooses the worse of two possible motives. It constitutes itself a secret court of inquisition that decides on the fate of the victim in his absence—when he has no chance to speak in his own behalf. It is a conspiracy of wrong.

He who listens to this crime of respectability without protest is as evil as he who speaks. One strong, manly voice of protest, of appeal to justice, of calling a halt in the name of charity—could fumigate a room from gossip as a clear, sharp winter wind kills a pestilence. Sometimes gossip does not deal altogether in words; there are simple yet subtle tricks of silence and gesture—and in a moment the deed is accomplished. It seems like a whiff from one of those diabolically poisoned roses of the Borgias that kill and leave no sign. Then a reputation lies dead in the roadway. Someone's mighty faith in someone has its pulse stilled forever. Someone is walking his weary way alone in the silence with the sun of love blotted from his sky.

There is a Satanic ingenuity in quoting part of a sentence and without telling how or why it was spoken. It puts a man of honor in a position where he cannot explain because he knows not the treason. This seems the master-stroke of gossip. It may kill a great love in an instant and leave no chance for explanation that might drive out the poison of a lack of faith—unjustified were the truth known. The happiness of two may be killed by—this lying silence.

Jealousy has a hundred masquerades in which to do its deadly work. In countless business enterprises alone it transforms the

joy of honest, faithful, service into a grim inferno of hopeless struggle. Inferiority, incompetency, or selfish, impotent ambition is seeking to undermine the best efforts of others. By tale-bearing, petty intrigue, trickery, imposition and all those other small implements of warfare that make up the armory of small minds they seek to harm others. The venom of jealousy, self-distilled, poisons not only others but their own whole natures. They envy but do not emulate. If the constant energy expended in injuring others were concentrated in heroic efforts to better themselves the results would be vastly different for—themselves and the world.

There are men who wear the white badge of respectability as jauntily as though it were a fresh white pink in their buttonhole. They like the favor of the community as expressed to them by smiles, cheery words and pleasant greetings on the morning walk to the station. They may show a different side to their families. They may have irritability, impatience and a waspish, mean temper that upsets a household day after day. They have a long trail of bitter memories and of rankling injustice, that runs from the breakfast table to eventide. They vent their temper on their family and on inferior employees who cannot resent it—never on a business customer or associate. Prudence, policy and politeness forbid. They are thoroughly conscious of the limit—they rarely play it.

When the master returns the members of the family look up questioningly to size up his mood as a farmer surveys the clouds to determine what the weather will be. The sorrow caused by professionals who steal tangible things is microscopic in comparison with the misery caused by respectable amateurs who rob their homes and offices of happinesses—by temper alone.

There are women in some communities with reputations that are spotless—as the world's standard goes. Their uniform of respectability seems always fresh from the laundry. Those who know them best know they are narrow and bigoted, hard and uncharitable in their judgments, unforgiving, selfish and bitter. Their very influence is blighting; they are daily transforming someone's Eden into a desert. They shrivel generous impulses of those around them. They pass through life self-mesmerized by their selfishness, in sublime unconsciousness that they are doing

more real harm in the world than some whose acts they regard with profound horror. Real human love seems as dead in their hearts, as destitute of the slightest light or warmth or glow, as the centuries-old ashes of Pompeii. These women are not necessarily hypocritical. They are only taking a Rip Van Winkle sleep of selfish self-satisfaction. No one seems to have the courage to awaken them—with a strong dose of straight talk.

The daily evils that make life hard are not the great sorrows from which under the healing touch of time we may rise sweetened, softened, strengthened, facing life bravely anew. They are the infinity of irritating trifles, the cruelly unnecessary injustices, the absolutely man-made wrongs of life. It is irreverent to refer to them as any part of the divine plan. These wrongs are as much man-made as—a pair of shoes or a watch or an automobile.

There is selfishness that overrides the rights of others like a car of Juggernaut. There is a bitterness of unforgetting condemnation that listens to no reasons, explanations or motives, that believes because it has seen, that credits the senses and accepts circumstantial evidence as final. There is avarice that starves what it should feed. There is ingratitude that, turning traitor to the kindness it has received, dries for years some generous fountain of giving. There is hypocrisy that, masquerading like the devil in a surplice, poisons love and friendship and leaves scars in memory, and sears and warps character. These are a few of the crimes of respectability.

A large part of the evils in life is preventable; some by the individual alone. Why do we not prevent them? Man longs to learn the secrets of the Infinite in this universe of His, as though it would change man's whole life. If man be not true to what he knows, he is not ready to know more. With many people it is like a child who, not yet having mastered his primer, is hungry for Shakespeare. Man is said to have been made in the image of his—Creator. Some men seem to be trying—to remove the labels and other identifying brands. If we are *men*, with the dignity of our powers and privileges and possibilities, let us just—live like men. Life is not something to be lived through, it is to be lived up to—in all its highest meanings and messages. There was in the army

of Alexander the Great a soldier, who, although he bore the very name of the great conqueror, was in his heart a great coward. Cowardice in any soldier of that mighty army was the worst of all crimes; yet for this man to be a coward was shame unspeakable. And Alexander in great anger commanded the craven: "Either give up my name or follow my example." Living up to our privileges means living up to our name—anything less means failure.

If for a single week in any city each individual were to say each morning: "Today no one in the world shall have even one second darkened by any act of mine," and live it—that city would be transformed and glorified.

It would, after all, mean only negative goodness. It would mean only the avoidance of evil, not real, aggressive, positive, high-keyed living at our best, but the burden of life would be lifted, the heavens would almost open and be visible. Then in an atmosphere warm with the radiant glow of love and brotherhood we could almost hear the faint rustle of the angels' wings—the angels of peace ushering in the millennium on this world of ours.

(The next chapter in this series, "The Optimism that Really Counts," will appear in the December number of the ERA.)



Looking up the River, in Bear River Canyon, Wasatch Mountains.

# The Evolution of a Cocoanut Plantation.

BY ELDER JOHN Q. ADAMS, OF THE SAMOAN MISSION.

## II.

Our "Mormon" boys devoting part of their missionary careers towards raising cocoanuts! This sentence may be made into either a statement or a query, as the question mark is added



Many weary months of ax-swinging.

or omitted. From such a condition, perhaps sufficient justification may be derived for what will follow in this article. In a previous article another phase of the cocoanut was dealt with—its relationship to the commercial world, together with its significance to the Pacific Islanders. In the succeeding few paragraphs we shall take up the past, present and future of our own plantation, and endeavor to note the progress-

ive stages as they gradually develop, with due mention of the part played by our faithful Saints of this village, (Mapusoga) at once our school center and the scene of one of our two large plantations.

Some eight years back Mapusoga was founded, ostensibly as a school village. About twenty-four acres of land were leased from several chiefs of the village of Tralenin, a place three miles inland and twelve miles up the coast from Pago Pago. As in all pioneer efforts, where a few years of man's artificial efforts are made to supplant the results of hundreds of years of Nature's

sway, much exertion and planning become involved in the transformation. Dense forests, such as are found only in tropical latitudes, must be leveled, despite all their pristine majesty, and replaced by a more useful generation of trees. Dwellings became necessary, and dot the clearings as man's most effectual stamp that the places are his, and that he has simply come as the rightful owner to claim his own. Avenues of subsistence must also be originated, and in a multitude of ways does pioneering teem with possibilities, and things to be accomplished in sequence.

Thus was Mapusoga begun, led by "Mormon" boys of the substantial, Rocky mountain stamp, and reinforced by their dark-skinned brethren, of Lamanitish descent. From the beginning our Saints here have been a source of wonder to the on-looking public, because of the reversal of the natural order of torrid laziness. Ac-



customed for preceding generations to taking life easy, and the bounties of a tropical climate, there has been lacking any incentive whatsoever to hard, manual labor. And yet the "Mormon" slogan, "work," seems to be a contagious something that permeates the life of a Latter-day Saint, come from what land he may; and so it was and is here.

On these quickly improvised scaffolds the bare-legged choppers perch contentedly and peck away.

All was not smooth sailing at first, by any means; but, as the place grew, and as a necessary recompense for the months of weary ax-swinging and knifing, small wages were distributed and a good spirit prevailed. And now for the present.

As the wilderness melts away into a broad clearing, planting begins—but first, just a word: The usual order of work is to first clear away the underbrush and shrubbery, by means of large knives, wielded by the smaller and weaker members of the community. Following them comes the brigade of strong men with heavy, five-pound axes—good headway resulting. The large trees do not root



deeply in this land of constant rain, the root systems of some species beginning up as high as six feet above the ground, forming



A place thus cleared is not again molested for say—well onto a year.

ing a great, spreading butt. To sever the trunk close to the ground would be quite impracticable, hence, notches are made in the tree up to where its girth is reasonably small, and in these, slabs are inserted. On these quickly improvised, miniature scaffolds the bare-legged choppers perch con-

tentedly and peck away, their blows resounding until the ominous swap foretells a weakening base. With care, no accident need occur, and as the monarch goes crashing to the earth, an accompanying shout is given by the victors.

A place thus cleared is not molested again for say—well onto a year—when it is pretty well overgrown with pawpaw, and other tender shrubs. These are easily dispatched with knives, and axes are used on the fallen trees, now in the first stages of rotting, all protruding branches being cut off. Once more the ground appears, and now planting begins. The nuts, previously sprouted for perhaps eight or



The nuts are first sprouted in a closely planted nursery.

more months, in a closely planted nursery, are set approximately thirty feet apart each way, at the time of transplanting being two feet or more high. The nuts will grow if only placed on the ground, but to give stability they are covered. Within from four to six months, weeding becomes necessary, all the ground being cleared with knives. From now on, keeping the weeds from the trees within a radius of—say four feet—is about all that is necessary. the people planting bananas, taro, etc., sparsely among the trees and keeping the ground clear.

Part of our plantation is situated on the abrupt side of a mountain, overlooking the ocean to good effect. Not only is a fine sea-view afforded, but to passing vessels the light green of the clearing, framed by the darker forest, presents a striking sight, which will be greatly enhanced when the cocoanut palms shall have reared their heads to the accustomed altitude.

At the present writing, a bunch of natives come each morning from the three or four neighboring villages and join forces with our own men in the chopping campaign. With their shining



Part of the plantation is situated on the side of a mountain.

brown bodies bared to the waist, and in differently colored *lavas*, or shirts, fastened at the waist by some mysterious sort of careless twist, and invariably of straight, erect, dignified bearing, they are an interesting study. And this interest doubles itself when



Within from four to six months, weeding becomes necessary.

PAGO PAGO, SAMOA.

in a mental picture one is carried back to the wilds of South America, some two and a half thousand years back, and he sees the rebellious division of Father Lehi's family cursed with a dark skin for their perversity and general misbehavior. As their indolent, fierce course is traced until a subdivision branch is found in the Samoan of today, one is lost in wonder at the Creator's designs in bringing it all about.

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### If I Should Die.

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If I should die tonight, the eyes that chill me with averted glance,  
 Would look upon me pityingly, perchance,  
 And soften in a kindly way;  
 For who would war with dumb, unconscious clay?  
 O keep not your kindness for my cold, dead brow?  
 My path is lonely—let me feel your kindness now.  
 Think kindly of me—I am travel-worn;  
 My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn;  
 For friendship and for love I plead—  
 When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need  
 The sympathy for which I long today,  
 To give some brightness to my weary way.

—Selected.

## Sacred Dust.

BY AUBRAY PARKER.

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The "dust of the departed" has been held as sacred in nearly all ages since the world began. Gigantic mausoleums began to be erected, for the repose of the dead, long before the Christian era. Indeed, the pyramids of Egypt speak, with very ancient voice, of the sacredness of the bodies of the departed great.

That the body of man is sacred, living or dead, no reasoning being can doubt. To sit down and think upon its construction and mechanism, is to become elevated above all that is trivial—to become absorbed for a time, as it were, in the sublime realities of God's creation.

It is the object of this little article to prove not only the sacredness of the body of man, which the Lord God "formed from the dust of the ground," but also of the dust of the whole creation, which shows forth the handiwork of God.

In the second chapter of the Book of Moses, in the *Pearl of Great Price*, are these words:

And it came to pass that the Lord spake unto Moses, saying: Behold, I reveal unto you concerning this Heaven and this Earth; write the words which I speak. I am the Beginning and the End, the Almighty God; by mine Only Begotten I created these things, yea, in the beginning I created the heaven, and the earth upon which thou standest.

From this revelation we learn that God created this earth upon which we stand. And further, that he created everything that is upon, within, above and beneath the earth; in short, the whole of creation is of his own design and workmanship. He is the Author of this wondrous world and its many inhabitants. God

the Father, by his Only Begotten, created the beasts of the earth and the plants of the field, hence the dust of which they are made is sacred. It is sacred, and cannot be brought to naught.

The virgin lily bends its head,  
 And blends its dust with lilies dead,  
 Dust that shall live in days to be,  
 And still retain its chastity.  
 The vestment that to earth doth fall,  
 Again shall be a lily tall;  
 For nothing lives or dies in vain,  
 All things die to live again.

There are, undoubtedly, different grades of creation. God has endowed the body of man with an intelligence capable of evolving to perfection, like unto his own. Hence, man is his highest creation, and has dominion over all the beasts of the field. The most uncouth human on the face of the globe may be called a god in embryo; but, just as all seed does not produce fruit, even so it is that all men will not attain unto godhood.

All dust that has been raised up to hold a human soul is placed upon the highest pinnacle of God's creation, and is capable of responding to that invitation issued by the Savior of mankind, viz., "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

When we think of the many holy men we have known, who have lived, died and gone to dust, we ask ourselves, "Is theirs not sacred dust? sunken temples, shrines of worship, awaiting the trump of Gabriel, that they might rise again, sublime celestial and incapable of decay?"

"Solomon and all his glory has gone down to death, and the winter winds moan over his dust."—*Ichabod*. So even is it, "Man being born of woman, has but a short time to live." He is the fruit of that eternity gone before him, living in the day that now is.

The natural man feels that he is born to perform, and that he does from the time of his access to the time of his egression from this world of potter's clay. He manipulates nature in order to perfect his art. He, perchance, is crowned with laurel, for in

that his creations are draped in beauty. Yet, after all, the innate germ of decay is in them, laurel and all; yea, they ofttime moulder in the making. So they pass, as all mundane creations must pass. They all must, as Shakespeare has said with grim humor, "as chimney-sweepers come to dust."

What wouldst thou, O man,  
 That thou shouldst be,  
 For all eternity?  
 An eternal gem  
 Moulden in a crucible of dust?  
 Mystic crucible!  
 Made like High God,  
 Made out of earth's vernal sod:  
 A shrine of worship,  
 Once fit for cherubim,  
 Or God's own holy soul,  
 Now vitiated by Satan's blight;  
 Now seest dim heaven in earth thro' curtained light.

The body of man is of ineffable beauty. How wonderful its constitution—the binding together of veins and nerves, of bones and sinews!

"Earth is crammed with heaven, and every common bush afire with God," sings Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The earth is of dust—is it not then sacred? Earth is surmounted with an altar cloth of blue, bespangled with stars of silver, and upon it rests a chalice of gold, from which flows light and beauty into the lap of Nature. All dust, methinks, is sacred; each grain belongs to God.

GATESHEAD, ENGLAND.



# For the Development of Character.

## Helpful Stories and Anecdotes.

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BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CHURCH," "A LIFE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG," ETC.

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### Of What Help is a Mission?

Elder David H. Woodard, of Elsinore, Utah, recently returned from a foreign mission, answers this question, in his own case—a question frequently asked by young men who are not over full of faith. He relates:

"I am thankful I was called on a mission. God has converted me to the principles of the gospel, in every case where I have put myself in harmony with them.

"I have thus proved true the saying in John 7: 17: 'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.'

"Furthermore, I have proved true the saying in James 1: 5, 6: 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.' I have had my prayers answered to the very letter; just as often as I prayed for that which is righteous—and by just effort tried to obtain it."

### The Slavery of Bad Habit.

A young man residing in Southern Utah, a prosperous, good citizen and member of the Church, gave the following strong illustration of the power of habit, and the need of self-will and control in overcoming it.

He told the writer that when he was eight years of age he first foolishly began the use of tobacco, without the knowledge of his parents. When about seventeen years of age he had the privilege of attending school in the Brigham Young University. One day the president, suspecting that a number of young men used tobacco, called all the boys who had the habit to meet him in his office. Forty out of the whole enrollment responded, including our friend. The president began to question them relating to the use of the weed:

“When did you begin using tobacco?”

“Why do you use it?”

“Have you ever tried to quit?”

“Will you quit now?”

In nearly every instance, to the last two questions the boys answered, “Yes; many times, but I can’t.” As the president went down the line, it was common for the boy sheepishly to acknowledge, “I have tried time and time again to quit, but I can’t.”

This manifest weakness and abject slavery to a bad habit so disgusted our friend that he determined when his turn came that he would answer, “I have never tried, but I can quit, and I will.”

This he did, and he has never used tobacco since.

In speaking of the disgust that he experienced at the answers of the boys, he expressed himself as so completely overwhelmed with the helplessness of the young men who had formed the dirty habit, that it made him determine that, as for him, he would show self-control and will enough to do as he pleased, rather than to be the slave of tobacco. He is, therefore, a free man, and thankful for the incident that determined him to be free.

### Courage to Say No.

A former prominent school teacher of Salt Lake county, now occupying a remunerative position out of the state, related to the writer this incident, which came under his personal observation. It teaches that the only safe thing for a young man to do, when he finds himself in bad company, is to have the courage to protest against their evil suggestions, and then to abandon them—get out of it:



"I tell you, no, I'm not with you, if that's what you're up to! It's not right! You can count me out!"

The speaker was a young man whom we will name Henry Hill, one of a crowd of boys, out for an evening of fun. It was the third or fourth exclamation of the kind he had made to the entreaties of his companions, and as he stood facing them, with his fists clenched, every muscle firmly set, the boys realized that he meant every word he uttered, and that it was no use further to appeal to him to join them in the scheme.

"Then you're a sissy, a baby!" derisively shouted the crowd with one voice. "You're afraid; a sissy!" again resounded. One of the leaders then yelled "Oh, let the baby alone! Let's go burn the fence!"

"All right!" said one. "All right; let's go! Come on!" shouted the others, and off they rushed pell-mell, following Jack Marsh, the leader.

The boys, ranging in age from fourteen to seventeen years, were out for an evening of so-called fun. They had already done some slight mischief, but nothing serious so far. In their antics, they had overturned several wagons, unbuckled harnesses, and tied or untied horses, as the animals happened to be either loose or fastened. For a crowd of boys on such "outs" seems determined that things shall be what they are not. They had taken horses from one man's stable and tied them in a neighbor's barn, and transferred the latter's cows to the stall where the horses stood; and in other ways disarranged things in general.

Being about ready to end up the night, Jack Marsh had suggested building a bonfire, and that a neighboring fence be used for the purpose.

The boys assented—some of them reluctantly in their own feelings, and in false fear of being counted cowardly—all but Henry Hill, the sole objector, and, incidentally, the only boy exhibiting real courage—he it was who so promptly said "No!" and defended his position with such vigor and manliness as must have made a deep impression on the crowd, especially on the boys who were reluctant.

All the contempt so scornfully directed against him hadn't the slightest effect in changing his determination. It was a case

where it took more courage to stand on one's own judgment against the crowd, than with the crowd, on their suggestions for evil and the wanton destruction of property. So the crowd, led by Jack Marsh, went about their mischief; but Henry Hill went home.

The next morning the good people of the village adjusted their property, but there was much stir over the burned fence. The young school teacher, being familiar with the youth of the village, was appealed to for the names of the culprits; but these were not divulged at the time, though public suspicion justly rested upon Jack Marsh, one of the wild young fellows in the district, noted for leadership in malicious mischief.

Now it happened, some four years after the fence-burning incident, that the state law-makers met, and the school teacher, in the meantime, had been elected to represent a district in the lower house of the Utah legislature. Usually the members of that body in the course of the session visit the state institutions, and the custom was continued by the sixth legislature. The state reform school was visited one day; and there, who should our teacher meet but Jack Marsh, the suspected leader of the boys, so familiar to him in the village where he taught school—disgraced for incorrigibility!

In the state prison he came upon another young man whom he recognized as one more of the gang. Going up to him, he said with apparent surprise:

“Hello, you here?”

“Yes; and I'm the biggest fool in. My fear of the boys led me to this. I was always afraid to stand against them and to assert my own best judgment. I fell in line with the devilment they wanted me to do, and I continued that way; and here's how it's ended. You can set it down, if I ever get out of here, I'll have a mind of my own!” Then he told the young former teacher all about the fence-burning incident.

But the strangest, as well as the most pleasant, part of the young teacher-legislator's experience, in his round of the state institutions, was his visit to the University of Utah, where he met Henry Hill, a respected student of the great school, just beginning

his fourth college year with splendid prospects of honorable graduation.

### The Lord Answers Prayers.

“In a certain city in England,” writes Andrew L. Rogers, of Snowflake, Arizona, in a letter dated August 27, 1910, “this incident occurred, while I was on my mission recently: A man denounced the ‘Mormons,’ at the close of a street meeting, in such vehement terms, that the crowd began to shout, ‘They [the elders] ought to be pitched into the sea!’ Notwithstanding these threats, and that if they appeared again on the street this opponent would be there to help carry them out, another meeting was called; and when the time arrived this man, who made a boast to be there to tear down the ‘Mormons,’ did not even put in an appearance, and one of the largest meetings ever held in the place was convened. And, mind you, this was all in answer to earnest prayer that such should be the case.”



Photo by Wilcox.

Flag Rush, University of Utah, September 22, 1910, in which the Sophomores won from the Freshmen.

# The Nephite Shepherd.

A Book of Mormon Story, in Two Parts.

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BY ARTHUR V. WATKINS.

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## PART ONE.

### I.—The Awakening of Zemnarihah.

The gray streaks of light in the east showed that another day was about to dawn. Smoke was curling upward from at least a dozen chimneys, light and foggy at first, showing that the fires had just been kindled. Occasionally a merchant's cart could be heard rumbling over the pavement in some distant street. The gates in the walls creaked as they swung open to admit the farmer with his load of fruit and vegetables. The night watchman on the walls was climbing down as the light of day came to take his place.

All was beginning to awake but the youth—until now unnoticed—leaning against the wall of yonder mansion. In a half recumbent position, he appeared to have been sleeping most of the night. His head was thrown back enough to reveal his face, one of Hebrew cast, proud and haughty. Seemingly few of the cares of this world had ever rested on his shoulders. He was large of stature, his chest full and shoulders broad. A dark red robe covered his frame from neck to knees; his feet were enclaspd in gold-trimmed sandals.

His rest might have remained unbroken, but for the appearance of a servant at this moment, who tapped him lightly on the arm, at the same time saying,

“Come, Zemnarihah, thy father awaits thee.”

With a start the youth awoke, seized the closely shaven servant by the neck, and commenced shaking him soundly. The next moment his hands dropped to his side.

“Forgive me, Zoram, I am rash; but that dream! Oh, but just now he struck with his hand! I leaped and seized him by the throat, to strangle the dog, and—it was only a dream—I had you instead. Once more, I implore your forgiveness! What brings you here? Any news from father? The whole night long have I watched and waited, until sleep overpowered me.”

“Thy father awaits thee. Hasten to him at once in the lower chamber.”

In the lower chamber of the same dwelling lay the elder Zemnarihah. One look into his face told the tale; disease, pain and suffering were stamped on every lineament in his face and vein in his arms. Frightful to behold was this human being; to a naturally fierce and morbid countenance, disease had added the withering look of hate.

He lay upon his couch against a mass of pillows. A taper burned low in one corner, giving a ghostly look to the room; two windows in the east wall were partly curtained, and, as the sun had not yet risen, little light came in through them. The furnishings of the room were few, but richly decorated with gold and silver trimmings. A glittering sword hung over a painting on the wall nearest the foot of the bed. The painting itself was enough to inspire terror in any bosom, without the sword hanging over it. It represented a group of men in red robes and with heads closely shaven. In the hands of all were knives sprinkled with blood, and jeweled swords hung by their sides. One was in the act of administering an oath, and another in the act of swearing. The dull glow of the taper gave an unearthly expression to the faces.

Such was the room into which the servant led the youth. Judging from the expression that came over his face, it was his first time there. The father motioned the son to his side, and then, taking him by the hand, bade him sit on the stool by the bedside.

“My son, you doubtless wonder why I am brought home in this condition—almost a corpse. But it will be of no use for you

to know why my illness, so take your mind from thinking of it. I have something of great importance that you must know,—Zoram, begone, until you are called—something, my son, that concerns your future and the destiny of our family. Before I tell you, you must swear never to reveal it to any one except to those whom I shall name.”

Here the father turned his glaring eyes upon the youth.

“I do, father,” the boy answered quiveringly.

“It is well, my son. Now listen, that you may never forget—never! You are heir to the greatest wealth in all this land. Do you hear? You will be the richest man in all this land of Zarahemla.”

“Yes, father, it is commonly reported that you are rich.”

“All of it will be yours when I am gone, unless—” His voice fell to a whisper.

“Unless what, father?”

“Unless his words come true—oh, it can't be! He lies—the dog—he lies—I say he lies!”

During this speech the sick man's face was terrible. All the dark and sinister things of a lifetime seemed to be crowded into that one expression. His voice grew hoarse, then sunk into a whisper. He fell back on the pillows exhausted. Stillness ensued for a few moments, and then he resumed:

“My son, you have heard of Kishkumen, who slew the chief judge. You have also heard of Gadianton, and—”

“Yes, father, but they were—”

“Never mind what they were. You also know that they organized a society to protect their lives, to regain their rights as chief judges and governors over this land.”

“But, father, what have they to do with you or me?” interrupted the youth.

“This: I am a member of that secret band. I owe my all to it.”

“Father!”

The youth sprang from the bedside horror stricken, and with dilated eyes gazed into those of his father. The look was short-lived; the palsied hand quietly motioned the boy back to his seat.

“You must learn to control yourself better, my boy. Think of it, all I have come through that organization. Your grandfather was one of the first members. The judgment seat belongs to us—it was stolen away from our family. It should be yours by rightful succession. My boy, I look to you to restore our rights. Lachoneus is a thief and a robber; he is one of those abominable priests who lord over us. But for them, and I would this day be king over this people, and you a prince. Yes, but for them and that cursed Lamanite! He upholds the judge, calls him a man of God, and calls on the people to support him. Even yesterday, at Moroni, I heard this dog of a priest calling the people to repentance, pronouncing the vengeance of God upon us if we did not. Fah! I could have killed him on the spot, and would have done so, had I not been so unfortunate as to have this attack of an old trouble come upon me. But here I am speaking to you perhaps my last words, calling upon you to avenge our wrongs. You must join the organization. Join, and all the wealth I have is yours; and, if our plan succeeds, you will be a king. My boy, what is your answer? I must know at once. I am getting weaker, and soon will not be able to hear you.”

The wrongs the father had recited, and the great wealth promised, overcame, to a certain extent, the youth's repulsion to the secret society; yet he still had a conscience that prompted him to do right. He had been taught—as was customary among the Nephites—to honor father and mother, so this request came upon him in the form of a duty. What could he do? A dying father, one whom he had feared and obeyed all his life, was making a last request. True, he was shocked when the revelation came that his father was a leader in the Gadianton society, and that his wealth was due to his being a member of it. To turn traitor to his father and reveal the secret, was farthest from his thoughts. His word of honor, once given, was sacred. And yet, to join the society meant the fighting of the chief judge, and to do that meant the losing of any chances he might have in gaining the love of the judge's daughter. This last thought came to him like a flash.

“No, no, father! Don't ask me to do that!” he exclaimed indignantly, as soon as he could find speech.

“Zemnarihah, you must! You will!”

The words hissed between his teeth, his black eyes flashed fire, as he sat upright with hands clenched. Then, slowly stretching out one pain-racked hand, he whispered,

“Look!”

The eyes of the boy followed the direction of the hand until they rested upon the painting on the wall. No exclamation passed his lips, not a tremor moved his frame. The father saw his advantage and was quick to follow it.

“You have gone too far to retreat now. You have the knowledge that the secret organization exists. No one can know that and live, unless he joins. The wealthiest men in the city belong. Come, my son, promise!” He paused a moment. “What, no answer? My boy, it cannot be that—oh, it cannot! Art thou in love with the daughter of Lachoneus?”

Still there was no answer.

“I might have known it!”—more to himself than to the boy before him. “Yes, I have long suspected it! There is only one way now—join, win your rights to the kingdom, and with the girl do as you please.”

The father slowly dropped back against the pillows, overcome by the exertion. His argument struck home. Zemnarihah turned impulsively around.

“I will,” he answered, after a pause. “But, father, you are ill. Let me summon Seezoram, that he may attend you.”

“Nay, nay, my time has come. I have felt it all along. Summon Zoram, he will conduct you to Giddianhi, who will administer the oath and give you the signs and pass words.”

Zoram soon appeared, and in response to a sign from the sick man, conducted the youth out of the chamber. As they entered the middle court they met Giddianhi. A sign from Zoram was sufficient. Zemnarihah was taken by Giddianhi out of the house, and by a secret passage out of the city, to the regular meeting place of the Gadianton society.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





EMMELINE B. WELLS.

President of the Relief Societies of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in all the world. Chosen Monday, October 3, by the First Presidency, and sustained Sunday, October 9, 1910, by the General Conference of the Church, with Clarissa S. Williams and Julina L. Smith, Counselors.

# Editor's Table.

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## An Address.

BY PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

I feel very grateful for the privilege of being present with you this morning at the opening of our eighty-first anniversary of the semi-annual conference of the Church [October 6, 1910]. I am pleased to see so many present, and my heart is full of blessing for the Latter-day Saints and, indeed, for all the honest in heart throughout the world. I earnestly desire that the Spirit of the Lord may visit us and abide with us throughout all the sessions of this conference.

I do not feel that I should occupy very much time this morning. I have just got out of my bed, where I have lain for more than a month, with very little exercise, and I feel the effects of the inertia, the inactivity to which I have been subjected—not willingly but unwillingly—for the last thirty days or more. Nevertheless, I feel in my heart to say to this congregation that I love the gospel, I love and believe the truth that has been revealed anew to the children of men in these latter days, more, if possible, today than ever I did in my life, and I think that it is possible for the reason that I believe all true Latter-day Saints are growing. They are progressing, they are absorbing more light, more intelligence, stronger convictions of the truth day by day; for we cannot help doing this, if we enjoy the spirit of the gospel as we should.

### A Pledge with God and his People Made and Kept.

In the days of my childhood and early youth, I made a pledge with God and with his people that I would be true to them. In looking over the experiences of my life, I cannot now discern, and

do not remember a circumstance, since the beginning of my experience in the world, where I have felt, for a moment, to slacken or relax in the pledge and promise that I made to God and to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in my youth. If there is a man or a woman in the world who can point out to me an instance, in all my life, where I have been untrue to my pledge or promise or covenant, I shall be glad to receive that information from that man or woman. As an elder in Israel, I tried to be true to that calling; I tried to my utmost to honor and magnify that calling. When I became a seventy, I felt in my heart to be true to that calling, and I strove with all the intelligence and fervor of my soul to be true to it. I have no knowledge nor recollection of any act of mine, or of any circumstance in my life where I proved untrue or unfaithful to these callings in the priesthood of the Son of God. Later in my life, when I was called to act as an apostle, and was ordained an apostle and set apart to be one of the twelve, I strove to honor that calling, to be true to it, and to my brethren, to the household of faith, and to the covenants and obligations involved in receiving this holy priesthood, which is after the order of the Son of God. I am not aware that I ever violated one of my obligations or pledges in these callings to which I have been called. I have sought to be true and faithful to all these things. I have endeavored to be true to my family; and if ever I have violated one pledge or promise, or neglected one obligation that rests upon me in these relationships, I do not know it. And when I have made pledges to the people of God or to the world, if ever I have violated those pledges I do not know it. Furthermore, I do not believe there is a man living who does know it, or who can truthfully testify that I ever did violate these pledges.

### True to God, his People and the World in Every Promise.

I stand before you today, my brethren, sisters and friends, on the ground that I have tried to be true to God to the utmost of my knowledge and ability; that I have tried to be true to my people to the utmost of my knowledge and ability; and I have been true to the world in every pledge and promise that I have made to the world. There have been men who have shown a disposition to

make it appear that I was a hypocrite; that I was two-faced; that I was one thing to the world and another thing in secret.

### Falsehood and Vilification Must Cease.

I want it distinctly understood that those who have conveyed such an idea as this to mankind have been wilfully injuring me, wronging me, and falsifying me and my character before the people; and I want it distinctly understood that those things must stop. They must stop at least among men who profess to be members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I can endure to be maligned and persecuted by my enemies, who are also enemies of the kingdom of God, but I do not want to be maligned and belied by men who profess to be members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, neither intentionally nor otherwise. Now, I trust that you understand clearly what I mean. I do not know how I can make it much plainer or clearer with the knowledge that I have of language. Then, I repeat, as the Lord has helped me in the past to be true to my covenants, that I have entered into with him and with you, with my brethren and with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, so, by his help and by his blessing, I propose to be true throughout the future of my life, whether I am permitted to live long or short—it matters not to me. While I live, I hope to be a true man, an honest man, a man who can face all mankind and, at last, who can stand before God, the Judge of the quick and the dead, and not quail for what I have done in the world. May God bless you. May peace abide with you, my brethren and sisters. I pray you to be true to your covenants; be true to those covenants that you made in the waters of baptism; to those covenants you made in the house of the Lord; and true to every righteous obligation that devolves upon you.

### Latter-day Saints must be Thinkers and Workers.

To be Latter-day Saints, men and women must be thinkers and workers; they must be men and women who weigh matters in their minds; men and women who consider carefully their course of life and the principles that they have espoused. Men cannot be faithful Latter-day Saints unless they study and understand, to some extent at least, the principles of the gospel that they have

received. When you hear people, who profess to be Latter-day Saints, running off on tangents, on foolish notions and one-horse, cranky ideas, things that are obviously opposed to reason and to good sense, opposed to principles of righteousness and to the word of the Lord that has been revealed to men, you should know at once that they have not studied the principles of the gospel, and do not know very much about the gospel. When people understand the gospel of Jesus Christ you will see them walking straightforward, according to the word of the Lord and the law of God, strictly in accordance with that which is consistent, just, righteous, and in every sense acceptable to the Lord, who only accepts of that which is right and pleasing in his sight; for only that which is right is pleasing unto him.

“I Know that my Redeemer Lives.”

I have not time, neither have I strength this morning, to enter into details or to undertake to preach a lengthy discourse. I do not feel able to do it physically. The spirit is willing, but just now the flesh is not very strong; but I want to bear testimony to you Latter-day Saints. I know that my Redeemer lives. We have all the testimony and all the evidence of this great and glorious truth that the world has, that is, all that the so-called Christian world possesses; and in addition to all that they have, we have the testimony of the inhabitants of this western continent, to whom the Savior appeared and delivered his gospel, the same as he delivered it to the Jews. In addition to all this new testimony, and the testimony of the holy scriptures from the Jews, we have the testimony of the modern prophet, Joseph Smith, who saw the Father and the Son, and who has borne record of them to the world, whose testimony was sealed with his blood, and is in force upon the world today. We have the testimony of others, who witnessed the presence of the Son of God in the Kirtland Temple, when he appeared to them there, and the testimony of Joseph, and of Sidney Rigdon, who declared that they were the last witnesses of Jesus Christ. Therefore, I say again I know that my Redeemer lives; for in the mouths of these witnesses this truth has been established in my mind.

Besides these testimonies, I have received the witness of the

Spirit of God in my own heart, which exceeds all other evidences, for it bears record to me, to my very soul, of the existence of my Redeemer, Jesus Christ. I know that he lives, and that in the last day he shall stand upon the earth, that he shall come to the people who shall be prepared for him, as a bride is prepared for the bridegroom when he shall come. I believe in the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and I have every evidence that I need—at least enough to convince me of the divinity of his mission.

I am proud to say that I have accepted, and have tried to keep and honor, every word that has proceeded from the mouth of God through him. As it is written, “Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God,” no one will dare to accuse me of side-tracking from or of refusing to obey any doctrine taught by or revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith.

### Divine Authority of the Prophet Joseph and his Successors.

I bear my testimony to you and to the world that Joseph Smith was raised up by the power of God to lay the foundations of this great latter-day work, to reveal the fulness of the gospel to the world in this dispensation, to restore the priesthood of God to the world, by which men may act in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and it will be accepted of God; it will be by his authority. I bear my testimony to it; I know that it is true.

I bear my testimony to the divine authority of those who have succeeded the Prophet Joseph Smith in the presidency of the Church. They were men of God; I knew them; I was intimately associated with them, and as one man may know another, through the intimate knowledge that he possesses of him, so I can bear testimony to the integrity, to the honor, to the purity of life, to the intelligence, and to the divinity of the mission and calling of Brigham, of John, of Wilford and of Lorenzo. They were inspired of God to fill the mission to which they were called, and I know it. I thank God for that testimony, and for the spirit that prompts me and impels me toward these men, toward their mission, toward this people, toward my God and my Redeemer. I thank

the Lord for it, and I pray earnestly that it may never depart from me—worlds without end.

God bless you, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

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### Conference Sermon of President Anthon H. Lund.

I am very happy this morning to be present at this conference, and to see so many of the Saints who have assembled here at this first meeting. I rejoice that we have had the pleasure of listening to our president, that his health has permitted him to leave his room and to come here and bear such a powerful testimony unto us. I know that you, with me, are happy to see him and to listen to him, and our prayers are that President Smith may regain his wonted health, and be released from all pain of the kind he has suffered so long.

### Spiritual Growth and Temple Work.

I believe that during the last six months there has been great progress in the Church, and that the Saints are drawing nearer unto God, and are trying to perform their duties better than before. When I look upon the eagerness with which the Saints flock to the temples, I know that in spiritual matters they feel well. During the past year the temple here has been crowded, and I congratulate the Saints upon this fact, which shows that they love to go into the house of God and take part in the ordinances which are performed therein. The prophecy of Malachi is fulfilling: the hearts of the children are turned to their fathers. During the last six months we have had a great increase in the number of the members of the Genealogical Society, which proves the interest that the Saints are taking in the great work for the dead. Many are sending abroad, obtaining their records to quite an extent, and I want to encourage the Saints in this good work.

Yesterday we had seventy-two couples of young people come to the temple to be married. That is a good sign. We want the young people to begin married life aright. We want them to go to the house of God and make covenants with him to serve him, and also enter into covenants with one another in regard to married

life, and to obtain the blessings of the sealings performed under the authority of the holy priesthood.

### The Mission Fields.

The work abroad continues to prosper. We have the joy to learn that the work in Europe is going forward in spite of all opposition. About three months ago we heard about a wholesale exiling of our elders from Prussia. I believe there were twenty-one cast into prison, and it looked as if that government would succeed in its determination to stop the progress of the work of the Lord in that kingdom. Our elders, however, did not feel disheartened. If they could not labor in Prussia, there were other countries where they could go and labor in the Lord's vineyard. We have had letters from prominent men in Germany and France asking us for literature. They wanted to know more about us, and gave as a reason that they had read about the persecution of the elders by the government of Prussia. They say they could hardly believe that such things could take place in the twentieth century. The report of the German mission shows that the work there has not been stopped, for the month after this occurrence was, I believe, one of the banner months in that mission, as to baptisms.

In a late letter from President Thomas McKay, we learn that the branch established at Vienna last year, with three members, has now grown to thirty-five; and at a meeting he attended there were a hundred people present, and this was only a meeting by invitation. He thinks that there is one of the best openings for the proclamation of the gospel. Likewise in Hungary—our elders have not done much in that kingdom. It belongs to Austria, but is a separate nationality. We have a brother there who has studied the language, and has published tracts in it, and a considerable awakening is witnessed there. People are eager to know something concerning the gospel of Christ, as revealed to the Prophet Joseph, and there are good prospects that many in that nation will come and join us. The brethren are continuing their labors in the French part of Switzerland, in France and in Belgium, and are meeting with success. Likewise in Holland, and in the Netherlands mission as a whole, our missionaries are obtaining



gratifying results. In Norway there was some excitement, this summer, among the people. The priests and the press sought to have laws passed against the elders being allowed to preach in Norway, and it looked for awhile as if such laws would be passed. But I am happy to say that the committee having the bill in hand reported to the *Storting*, or Congress, of Norway, that there was no need of any more legislation in that regard. So our Saints there feel to breathe freer. But, whatever men may do, I feel that nothing can be done to stop the progress of the work of the Lord. This is the gospel restored unto the earth, and it must be preached unto all nations. John, in describing the mission of the angel that should come with the everlasting gospel, tells us that his proclamation was to go to all nations—none should be exempt. None had the gospel, it had to be restored and preached to all. And this has become our mission, brethren and sisters; we must do this work. We are sending two thousand elders abroad. They are working diligently, and they are gaining the love and confidence of those with whom they become acquainted. The people look upon these men as men who are what they profess to be—earnest ministers of the gospel, who seek to enlighten their fellow-men concerning their belief; and in their works and in their lives they show the fruits of the faith which God has given them. We are sending out missionaries every year, in fact, every month.

### Practical [Religion Should be Taught to our Children.

I want to say to the Saints that our children should be taught in the principles of the gospel; they should be encouraged to attend the different organizations that have been established for the development of our children and our young people. We have several of these organizations. Our Mutuels are doing a splendid work. We like to encourage those who are engaged therein, and encourage our fathers and mothers to see to it that their sons and their daughters take the courses that are given in the Mutuels. We also want to encourage them to send their children to the Primaries, to the Sunday schools, and to the Religion classes. We know that this is necessary.

Our children should be guarded against contaminating influences. When we read reports from the juvenile courts we feel

shocked, and we are thankful that these courts have been established, for we believe they do a great deal of good. We hope that our legislature will sustain them, and we must take a hand with them. We must be warned by what we hear is going on among the young people, and try to protect them against the evil influences that are so demoralizing. Let us encourage our children to become members of the organizations I have mentioned, and to receive as much training as possible in religion. We do not mean thereby that they should be taught theory entirely, but we want them taught practical religion. We want them taught how to pray, how to walk uprightly before God, how to learn to exercise charity to the neighbor, to do good to those who are in need, and to remember the sick. I was touched when I heard that a certain class in the Religion class organization, went and got flowers and sent them to a sick class-mate to comfort him in his sickness, and thus gave evidence to the sick boy that he was remembered by his class. We should commend such things; we want to encourage our children to think of others besides themselves.

Now, brethren and sisters, do not discourage the children from attending the Primaries, the Religion classes or the Mutuels. All of these organizations are of the utmost importance, and we desire to see them well attended, so that the young people may get the benefit of the teachings given therein.

### Negligence of the Saints in Attending Meetings.

We hope that the Saints will be alive in their duties to attend their meetings. We find there is a slackness in some places, and this I believe, to some extent, can be ascribed to those who have charge. The bishops and their assistants must study their congregations, and must seek to make their meetings interesting, so that they do not have to preach to empty benches. This has not been the custom in Israel. As a rule, our meetinghouses are filled, but in some places there has arisen indifference, and where such neglect is seen, our brethren who have charge should study conditions, and the cause of this negligence, in regard to attending meetings.

We are commanded by the Lord to go to his house on the Sunday. The Sunday has been declared his holy day, and he com-

mands us to go to his house and there offer up our oblations, there renew our covenants in the sacrament, there listen to those who shall address us, and take part in the worship of God. This duty cannot be neglected without our sustaining a great loss. Brethren and sisters, let us be thankful that God has given us the faith and a testimony of the truth, and has given us a testimony that Joseph Smith was a prophet, and that his successors have been men appointed by the Lord. We know this. This is our testimony, when we are called upon to speak, for we feel it within our heart of hearts. Now let us carry out in our everyday life that which we know to be right, and the blessings of the Lord will attend us. May he bless the congregation of the Saints. May he bless us in this conference; bless the speakers who shall address us, that such things may be brought forth as shall be for our best good. I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

(President John Henry Smith spoke on the need of faithful missionaries, the tendency to scatter, the glory of our own land and nation, and home building, motherhood, and children. His practical and pertinent sermon will appear in the ERA later.)

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### Messages from the Missions.

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Elder Victor H. Sears, who left Chicago late in August for a mission to Germany, is the first Chicago elder to leave for a foreign mission. He is a grandson of the late Lorin Farr and a son of Dr. Heber J. Sears, and graduated last Spring from the Weber Stake Academy.

Elder Reno Ferre, under date of September 10, writes the ERA from Baton Rouge, La., saying that the summer work of the elders in Louisiana has been very successful. Their book sales were low, but they had baptized forty-six converts. Their conference was held at New Orleans, August 29, attended by all the elders except E. R. Burkley and T. N. Brinker, and by President S. O. Bennion and two lady missionaries. A good feeling prevailed and satisfactory work in the field had been done. The elders hope to have free access to the city before the end of the year. At Pride and Glovey there are well organized Sunday schools and thirty-eight meetings have been held. A portrait of the Louisiana elders follows:

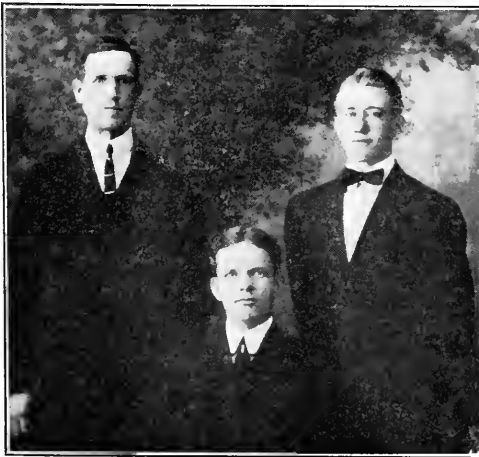


LOUISIANA ELDERS.

Top row, left to right: E. G. Bell, William W. Farley, William Karren (Sunday school superintendent), Reno Ferre and J. M. Barnson. Front row: T. L. Archibald, R. T. Gallagher, President A. L. Thomas, J. H. Hutchinson, Ed. Darlington.

Elder John T. Barrett, of Providence, R. I., writes to the ERA, under date of September 5, that there is an average of fourteen elders laboring in the Rhode Island conference, and they have done a very good work

in Rhode Island and Connecticut during the past six months, having held 175 meetings; distributed 19,000 tracts and 1,215 books; visited 19,661 new families; revisited 3,736; spent 3,925 hours in tracting, 5,562 hours in gospel conversations and 13,429 hours in study. The elders study in organized classes during the winter under leaders, and great good is accomplished in this way.



ELDERS OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Left to right, back row: James C. Glover, Farmington; Ross Bartlett, Vernal; and in front, John T. Barrett, Salt Lake City—all of Utah.

brethren are perfectly capable of carrying on the Sunday school and the regular meetings when the elders are absent. "We are proud of our

In Providence there is an excellent Sunday school and the local

circle of friends, who are of the best class of thrifty business people, and highly intelligent. In fact, this is the class that the gospel mostly appeals to here—the thinkers and those who are perfectly capable of standing alone, holding their ground with any one who may oppose the truth.”

Elder E. R. Burkley and T. Norton Brinker reported to the Central States mission office, printed in the *Deseret News* of September 3, a case of healing by the power of administration, that is worthy of notice:

“Last Sunday, on arriving at the home of Brother Simpson, we found the family very much alarmed because of the doctors having told them that there was no chance in the world of their son's recovery. It seemed that every moment would be his last; he was unable to speak, and his pulse was beating at an exceedingly rapid rate. After uniting in prayer, we administered to him and continued to do so through the night. The doctor promised to call that evening, but, believing the boy to be dead, delayed his coming, nor did he call until three o'clock the next afternoon. After an examination of the patient, the doctor pronounced him very much better than on the day before. He expressed surprise and astonishment at the condition, and, although being skeptically inclined, he admitted that a power higher than his had saved the life of the boy, pronouncing him practically out of danger.”

Elder Harold C. Kimball writes under date of August 29, that while he and three companions were preaching in Breslau on Friday, August 19, they were visited by criminal detectives and were commanded to follow them, which they did, and were taken to the courthouse and searched. Their passports were taken, and after being questioned they were released and told to appear on the following Tuesday to receive their passports. The elders called and were given their passports, together with banishment papers. Besides a verbal banishment from Prussia each elder received a *zwangpass*, which was to ship them *via* Berlin and Hamburg to America, and thence to their homes in Utah. This document provided that if the elders stopped over in any place on the way without reporting to the police, they would be fined fifty marks or imprisoned for fifty days. When the elders asked why they were banished, they were told that no official reason would be given. Eight elders were recently banished from Leipzig and one from Konigsberg, and it seems as if the government means business. The recent banishment from Berlin seems to have made quite a stir, and a statement was made in one of the German papers that it is intended to banish every elder from Germany. Elder Kimball adds: “In spite of our difficulties here in Germany the work is progressing very rapidly. Instead of stopping our efforts they help us along, and we are not disposed to take the threats too seriously. I think something will occur before long to help us get our freedom.”

Elder Andrew Funk, Aarhus, Denmark, September 6, sends a photograph of the elders laboring in that conference of the Scandinavian mission. The portrait shows the elders at the home of one of their friends, Mr. Thomas Hermansen, who, during a recent conference, served the elders every morning with breakfast. The photograph was taken at the breakfast table, and the names of the elders and visitors, reading from left to right, are as follows:

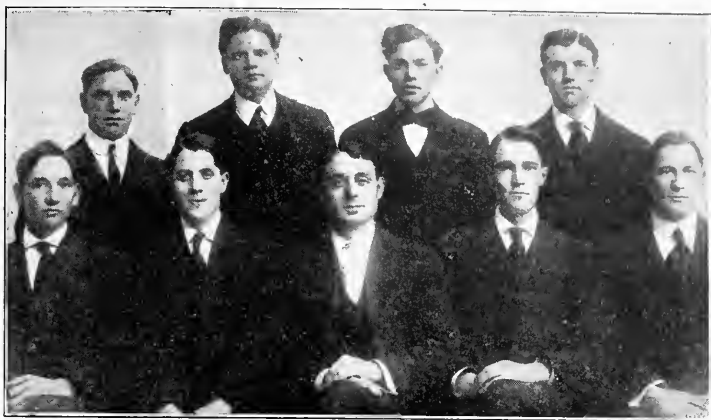


ELDERS AND SAINTS OF THE AARHUS CONFERENCE, DENMARK.

Seated: Christen Nielsen, Anthon Cramer, Martin Peterson, E. J. Christiansen, M. D. Simonsen, Hyrum W. Hausen, Andrew Funk, President Niels J. Larsen, Mission President Andrew Jenson, Marie Hermansen, Thomas Hermansen, Hannah Nielsen, Hyrum Nielsen, Dorothy E. Little, William D. Norman, Louis M. Breinholt, N. Claudius Holst, J. Lyman Nielsen, C. H. Johnson, Hilmar M. Nielsen. Standing: August O. Nielsen, A. P. Nielsen, A. A. Smith, Christian Jensen, Erastus P. Rasmussen, and Niels Iversen.

Mr. Hermansen is a staunch defender of the Saints. His wife has been a member of the Church for sixteen years, during which time they have always had an open house to entertain the missionaries. The spirit of that home has a wide influence for good among the Saints in Aarhus. During the April conference, when the picture was taken, not an elder who attended needed to seek entertainment at hotels, but were entertained at the homes of the Saints, the example of Mr. Hermansen being copied by the other members of the Church, who thus prove their faith by their works. "As elders we are firm in the belief that those who

thus entertain us will not lose their reward because of their kindness to the servants of the Lord, for he has said, 'Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.' "



ELDERS OF VICTORIAN CONFERENCE.

Back row, left to right: J. F. Wardle, Parker; D. H. Ricks, Rexburg, Idaho; S. A. Taylor, Provo; L. M. Richards, Logan, Utah; Front row: L. M. Paul, Rexburg, Idaho. W. E. Ellison, Salt Lake City; A. E. Watkins, conference president, Provo Utah; D. C. Laker, St. Charles, Idaho; D. T. Gibbs, Alberta, Canada.

These elders are laboring in two branches of the Church, one with headquarters at 99 Somerset St., Richmond, and one at South Melbourne. At Richmond there is a graded Sunday school of three departments, a well attended Mutual Improvement association, of which Elder W. E. Ellison is president, with Elder Ricks and Maud A. Reynolds, as assistants. They study from the *New Witnesses for God*, No. 2, and enjoy the lessons. They hold well attended street meetings, and find many who listen who are earnest seekers for the truth, and who later come to the hall meetings, which are well attended. Elder S. A. Taylor, who gives us this information, further states that the South Melbourne conference is progressing rapidly under the care of Elder D. C. Laker. On the 3rd of July three new converts were baptized. They have a good Sunday school of two departments, and are studying from the Book of Mormon with great interest. A Bible class is held on Wednesday night of each week, composed of Saints and investigators, and cottage meetings are held as

often as occasion will permit. On Friday night of each week street meetings are held which create considerable interest, and there is often much questioning after the meeting, which results generally in an increased attendance and more friends for the elders. There is an average of thirty who attend hall meetings on Sunday night. The elders are laboring diligently, and the prospects for the branch are bright.

Elder Emil W. Weed, conference president of Stockholm, Sweden, writes, August 26: "It is now more than four weeks since we were honored by the visit of our beloved President Joseph F. Smith and Bishop Charles W. Nibley. On account of this visit, judging by the general good feeling that exists, as well as the expressions and testimonies given by those who were present to hear and see and even grasp the president by the hand, a beautiful feeling and good influence remains with us. Now and then we hear members say: 'Now, my heart is content; I have seen and heard the prophet, and know now he is a man of God.' We rejoice in this, for we love and honor him as a man of God, and feel that such sentiments as these are inspired by the Holy Spirit." The Stockholm choir, of which Gustave W. Teudt is leader, and a portrait of which appeared in the September number of the ERA, rendered the music at the meetings during President Smith's visit, and was very highly complimented by him for its excellent singing.

Elder Arthur Manning, of West Point, Davis Stake of Zion, and a missionary of the Southern States, died at a hospital in Knoxville, Tennessee, September, 22, 1910. He arrived in the mission field, June 14, 1909, and labored faithfully in Ohio, Virginia and Tennessee. He was twenty-four years old. The body was brought to Utah by President C. A. Callis and buried in the cemetery of his home town.

Elder Ben E. Mason, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, writes that mission work is being prosecuted with vigor in that district, under the leadership of President C. Alvin Orme. The missionaries under his direction seem to be enjoying their labors in that large island division of the vineyard. Elder Mason encloses a poem which he composed on the 68th anniversary of the birth of his mother, June 15, 1910. He is the baby son out of eleven children, and he sent it to her from his mission field ten thousand miles away, in Sydney, Australia. The poem is full of filial love and good sentiment, which will give great comfort to the heart of his mother. A young man can do no better service than to temper the remaining days of father and mother, ease their cares and smooth their pathway, by obedience, a noble life and filial affection.



## Priesthood Quorums' Table.

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**How to Make a Class Recitation Interesting.**—This topic was treated by Elder Charles J. Ross, of the Weber Stake high council, at the July convention of the three stakes.

Love for the class and for the work is the bond of sympathy that brings success. This in itself may constitute fitness for teaching. Not all your elders are, in the main, well rooted in the gospel, others are skeptical; so you must know them. There must be first the personality that wins; there must be mutual attraction. Personal appearance means a great deal. A clear, well-modulated voice, a gentle but firm manner, play no small part in producing interest in the class. You may have a fine head of hair, but if it is unkempt it detracts from the interest. The eye should be bright, the smile cheerful, radiating a thorough preparation of the lesson on the part of the teacher.

An attitude of love and interest in the class, an attractive personality, should be balanced by a keen and discerning mind and an equitable poise. Repose, it is said, is the emblem of power. Two things you must know—your pupil and his life first, but no less yourself and your own mind. Knowing one's own mind is said to be the secret of firmness, and means determination, and includes constancy of purpose. So, knowing yourself, and having decided to accept the position as class instructor, you should realize two requirements—namely, patience and firmness; patience is control, and your work calls for its constant exercise. Without control there can be no interest in the class. Patience is often tried by having to repeat a thing several times, but it must be given again and again, until the suggestion bears fruit. It is your business to explain a point until the class understands, or until they remember and do.

Now, there are some things with which you must not be too patient—for instance, heedlessness. Kindly suggestion must be called to this as long as it continues; then again, carelessness, unnecessary lack of preparation, or irregular preparation, or irregular attendance. We

hear elders say sometimes, "The teacher does not care whether we prepare or not." You must care whether he prepares or not, whether he is careful or slipshod, or progressive or non-progressive, in his preparation. The class quickly recognizes your interest or lack of interest in this regard. One thing must never be forgotten, and that is that the class invariably takes its cue from the teacher. Is the teacher half-hearted, half-interested, irregular with his lessons? The class finds it easy to excuse themselves and do likewise. Are mistakes corrected once in a while, neglected afterwards? The pupil's work will show the same lack of interest.

The interest in our class recitation is often destroyed at the beginning by the teacher offering excuses for his lack of preparation. He has not had time, just hurriedly glanced over it last night, etc. Excuses, especially self-excuses, are worse than useless. As Shakespeare puts it, "Patches put upon a little breach, discredit more in hiding of the fault." Hurry is one great trouble in our preparation. It is described as being peculiarly American. Before we master the simple things in our preparation we rush ahead to the more difficult things, and the result is that in the end we fail to get interest when presenting the lesson. Only the most ambitious, patient and energetic members of the class survive. Hurry has been described as "Americanitis," a kind of disease of rush, worry and ruin. It is always dangerous, in the preparation of a lesson, to a healthy and successful growth. Some writer has said, "Hurry means physical tension somewhere, and exhaustion afterwards." Hurry suggests bad planning, imperfect preparation, careless execution, loss of interest. Hurry means loss of dignity and power. Hurry means fear, and fear is the greatest enemy to success. In vain people try to attain a calm manner with a tense body. When we have relaxed the muscles at will, we may easily become quiet in manner and peaceful in spirit. The bodily condition is the real repose. We will not hurry when we know the danger to the nervous system. A painstaking, interesting teacher is usually rewarded by a painstaking, interesting class.

**Are we Living in one of the Three Glories?**—"Are we living in any one of the three degrees of glory, as mentioned in Section 76 of the Doctrine and Covenants?" asks a correspondent of Centerfield, Utah.

No; it is very clear, from the *Pearl of Great Price*, that we are living in our second estate, our first having been the estate in which we dwelt with the Father in the heavens, before our coming to this earth; and that the glories which are mentioned in Section 76 of the Doctrine and Covenants are the conditions that will await us hereafter. That

these glories come after the resurrection, is especially made plain from the 16th verse, "Speaking of the resurrection of the dead, concerning those who shall hear the voice of the Son of Man; and shall come forth."

Also, in verse 50, it is made plain that the partakers of celestial glory are those "who come forth in the resurrection of the just" (see also verses 63, 64, 65).

Again, in regard to the partakers of terrestrial glory, we are told (verses 72-5) that they are those who died without law, and who were visited in prison, to whom the Son preached the gospel, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, "who received not the testimony of Jesus in the flesh."

And in verse 85 it is said that the partakers of the telestial glory shall not be redeemed, "until the last resurrection, until the Lord, even Christ the Lamb, shall have finished his work." We are now in our second estate awaiting places in these glories, and it is clear that the people on earth today are not in any of these glories.

**About Passing from One Glory to Another.**—"Can one pass from the telestial to the terrestrial and celestial glories, sometime in eternity, worlds without end?"

The answer to this question may not be absolutely clear in the revelation; but the general understanding, both from the revelation and from the interpretations that have heretofore been made thereof, is that once a person enters these glories there will be eternal progress in the line of each of these particular glories, but that the privilege of passing from one to the other (though this may be possible for especially gifted and faithful characters) is not provided for. The statement in verse 112, relating to partakers of the telestial glory, that they who inhabit it shall be servants of the Most High, but "where God and Christ dwell they cannot come worlds without end," would indicate that at least those who live in this glory are not capable of graduating into the celestial glory. Who knows but in the providences of God there may be exceptions, because all his judgments are not made known to us? But this thought is awakened: Would it be reasonable to suppose that a person who was so neglectful in this life as to fail in meriting a greater glory would be able to make such great strides in the world to come as to overtake those who have been true and faithful here? We think not. Another thought: There are many degrees of glory in each of these three glories and the faithful will be given full satisfaction and reward for their efforts, "for they shall be judged according to their works, and every man shall receive according to his own works, his own dominion, in the mansions which are prepared." The rewards for all will be greater

than anticipated. And we are told even the glory of the telestial "surpasses all understanding."

**Important Special Seventies' Meetings.**—The First Council of Seventy calls the attention of the seventies to the fact that special appointments are being made for members of the presiding council to visit all the quorums throughout the Church, that come under their special jurisdiction.

This labor is being undertaken with the approval and under the direction of the Council of the Twelve. Many of the quorums of seventy have been depleted in numbers through brethren being called into other positions, and from other causes. A thorough and general setting in order is necessary, that the quorums may be improved and put in a condition that will enable the members to better perform the duties required of them. Presidents of quorums are particularly reminded that the success of these special visits, depends almost entirely upon their spirited and prompt co-operation with the local authorities. Let no time be lost in making the necessary preliminary arrangements. Names of brethren to be ordained seventies should be carefully considered, and such selections made as can reasonably be expected to fill the requirements of the calling. Past faithfulness and attention to duty, while very essential, are not the only qualifications required. Adaptability to the special calling is also very important, and should always be borne in mind.

Selections for ordination are to be made under the direction of the stake presidency. Now is an opportune time to fill the quorums. Young men coming into the ranks of the seventies now will have the advantage of beginning with January, 1911, the fourth year book in the seventies' course in theology, treating on the important subject of the atonement. The subject is worthy of the most careful attention of all those who are or expect to be witnesses for the Savior of men.

The first council urges all presidents and active members to unite in a campaign that will insure a large attendance at these special meetings. Let every man holding the office of a seventy, and all those who are to be ordained, be notified of the meetings, and wherever necessary an extra and earnest effort should be made in order that all concerned may be present.

Hard work on the part of the local councils and their assistants will bring success and joy. Procrastination will mean failure and disappointment.

# Mutual Work.

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## Propositions for Debate.

The general boards have approved of the following subjects for debate. The committee on debates has arranged a list of references—general, for the affirmative, and for the negative. These are printed in a small pamphlet and will be supplied to the ward presidents for the use of their debaters, upon application to the general secretaries Y. M. or Y. L. M. I. A., Salt Lake City, Utah:

1. Naturalization.—Proposition: The naturalization laws of the United States should be made more stringent.

2. Direct Legislation.—Proposition: The system of direct legislation by the people should be more generally adopted in the United States.

3. Proportional Representation.—Proposition: Legislative bodies should be chosen by a system of proportional representation.

4. The Popular Election of Senators.—Proposition: A constitutional amendment should be adopted, providing that United States senators be selected by direct vote of the people.

5. The Monroe Doctrine.—Proposition: The Monroe Doctrine should be continued as a part of the permanent foreign policy of the United States.

6. Reciprocity with Canada.—Proposition: A reciprocal commercial treaty should be concluded between the United States and Canada.

7. Shipping Subsidies. Proposition: The United States should establish a more extensive system of shipping subsidies.

8. Postal Savings Banks.—Proposition: A system of postal savings banks should be established in the United States.

9. Government Ownership of Railways.—Proposition: The railways of the United States should be owned and operated by the government.

10. A Postal Telegraph.—Proposition: The government should

maintain and operate a telegraph system in connection with the post-office.

11. Municipal Transportation.—Proposition: Street railways should be owned and operated by municipalities.

12. Compulsory Industrial Arbitration.—Proposition: Boards of Arbitration with compulsory powers should be established to settle disputes between employers and wage-earners.

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### Circular of Suggestions.

A supply of circulars entitled "Suggestions to Stake Superintendents and Ward Officers," for the guidance of officers during the present season, has been distributed to the various wards of the Church. We trust that those who are engaged in doing business with the ERA office will carefully read these suggestions. In this connection we desire also to call attention to the necessity of being prompt. No subscription should be held in the hands of the agent, but should be forwarded immediately to the office; no orders for manuals should be neglected, nor funds withheld for any length of time. It is a very important matter, as far as principle goes, to be careful of trust funds. While we have no general complaint, cases have arisen where agents have been very careless in remitting to the office, causing complications between the subscriber and the office, which should not exist. The careful reading of the circular, and promptness in collecting and remitting for books, ERAS, manuals, etc., will make us all happy and friendly.

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### Canvass for Subscriptions.

A supply of blank subscription sheets for the new volume fourteen of the IMPROVEMENT ERA has been distributed to the officers of the associations throughout the Church, and we trust that the agents will use them in ordering volume fourteen. The canvass for this volume should be made immediately, if the work has not already been done. A little effort put forth now will bring results. There should not be a settlement in the Church where it is not possible to obtain five per cent of the Church population as subscribers for the ERA. We believe that people who once subscribe for and read the magazine will be easily induced to subscribe again. Now let the work, therefore, be taken up

by those appointed to it, and prosecuted in a thoroughly systematic manner, so that every family in the Church shall be asked to subscribe.

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## Do You Favor Boxing with Gloves as a Part of M. I. A. Athletic Sport?

The committee on athletics and field sports presented the following on the above question at a recent meeting of the General Board:

“We do not favor boxing for exhibition, as the number of participants will necessarily be limited, and the spectators will derive no benefit. Its tendency is to degenerate into fighting, and therefore we do not encourage it as a part of M. I. A. sport, while we think it permissible in moderation, when indulged in for exercise only. Respectfully, Lyman R. Martineau, Hyrum M. Smith, B. F. Grant.

The report was unanimously adopted by the Board.

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## Additional Conjoint Meetings.

The following resolution was passed by the general board Y. M. M. I. A. some time ago:

*Whereas*, The general board Y. L. M. I. A. has made provision, in their program for the next season's work, for one conjoint meeting with the Y. M. M. I. A. each month, in addition to the regular Sunday night conjoint meeting, therefore be it

*Resolved*, By the general board Y. M. M. I. A., that we concur in the action of the general board Y. L. M. I. A., and advise all Y. M. M. I. associations to join with the Y. L. M. I. A. to provide suitable programs for these nights, to consist of debates, readings, lectures, concerts or other suitable exercises.

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## New Zealand M. I. A.

Elder O. R. Johnson, writing to the *Messenger*, the organ of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints of the New Zealand mission, from Auckland, states that on June 8, 1910, their Mutual Improvement Association was reorganized, with Elders H. C. Perkins, president; O. R. Johnson and Emma Ashmore, counselors; Dorius Mincher, secretary; Eva Watts, organist; and Elders Rulon C. Haacke and Noal Levy, chorister and librarian, respectively, of both organizations. They looked forward to the year 1910 to be the banner year for Auckland.

## Passing Events.

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**A visit to the Capson House** is editorially mentioned in *Skandinaviens Stjerne* of September 15. The visit was made on the 22nd of August by President Andrew Jenson, of the Scandinavian mission, and Albert Capson, president of the Skane conference, Malmo, with Elder A. Funk and others. The old house is located on the great farm Skona-back, and it was in this house that the late Elder Andrew W. Winberg, on the 24th of April, 1853, organized the first branch of the Church in Sweden. At that time the house was occupied by the grandfather of Albert Capson, and is known to this day as the Capson House. They also visited the old property in Lund, where Carl Capson resided in June, 1853, and in whose barn the first conference of southern Sweden was held, on the night of June 25, 1853, with Elder Lundblad as president. The conference lasted during the night and was held in secret owing to the opposition of priests, police and mobs. There were about a hundred members present, besides Elder P. O. Hansen, the translator of the Book of Mormon into Danish, and the late Patriarch O. N. Liljenquist, then of Copenhagen. Several photographs of the buildings and environments were taken by Elder Funk and have appeared, with an account of the trip, in *Bikuben* and *Utah Posten*, the Scandinavian Church papers of Utah. President Jenson mentions the growth of the Church since that day, and contrasts the peace now enjoyed by the elders and Saints in their worship, with the early days when bodily punishment, the prison-house and fines awaited those who were active in the promulgation of the revealed gospel of Jesus Christ. For the change, the Saints have occasion to thank the Lord, who, during the intervening years, has so wonderfully calmed the storms and made their pathway brighter.

**Lucy Walker Kimball**, born April 30, 1826, in Peacham, Caledonia, county, Vermont, died in Salt Lake City, October 1, 1910. She was at one time the wife of Joseph Smith, the prophet, to whom she was sealed by William Clayton, May 1, 1843. In 1845, she became the wife of President Heber C. Kimball, with whom she had nine children. She passed through many of the hardships of the early days, and proved faithful to the end.



**“The Los Angeles Times”** building and plant were destroyed by an explosion on the morning of October 1. The *Times*, established in 1881, is one of the leading newspapers of the southwest, owned and edited by General Harrison Gray Otis, who has successfully conducted the paper without Union printers, and so gained the ill-will of the Union laborers. The management are convinced that sympathizers with Union labor planned the explosion. Several lives were lost, and perhaps half a million dollars. Large rewards are offered for the criminals, but so far they have not been apprehended.

**The Oneida Stake Presidency** was reorganized at the quarterly conference held in Preston, September 24-5, 1910. An honorable release was extended to President George C. Parkinson and his counselors, Joseph S. Geddes and C. D. Goaslind; and Joseph S. Geddes was sustained as president of the Oneida stake of Zion, with James Johnson and Taylor Nelson as counselors. Elders Charles D. Goaslind and James Callan were added to the high council. President Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant and Charles W. Penrose, of the Council of Twelve, were present. President Parkinson has honorably and creditably conducted the affairs of Oneida stake for twenty-six years, and passes out of the active service in this capacity with the good will of the presiding brethren, and his many other friends.

**Portugal** has had a revolutionary change of government with comparatively little bloodshed. A republic was declared in Lisbon and other cities on October 6. King Manuel was forced to seek refuge on a foreign warship. The Republican movement, which in February, 1908, found vent in the assassination of King Carlos and Crown Prince Louis Phillipe, was at the basis of the revolution, and the revolutionists succeeded in winning over both the army and the navy, rendering the young king helpless. The provisional republican government has ordered the expulsion of the Jesuits, and many of the nuns and monks have had their property confiscated. All members of other religious orders refusing to become secularized must also leave the country; but those who consent, may remain in Portugal and return to their families. The provisional government has notified foreign nations that it will recognize all contracts, alliances and financial obligations entered into by the monarchy. The success of the revolution fanned the fire of discontent in Spain, and the government fears a recurrence of the troubles of a year ago, when Francisco Ferrer, the schoolmaster, was executed.

**The tramway between Tooele and the Highland Boy mine,** Bingham, was recently put into operation, after eleven months devoted

to construction. It is one of the great industrial enterprises of the west. It is four miles long, with seventy-nine towers, varying in height from ten to ninety feet. There are nine intermediate stations, besides the terminals. There are 212 buckets on the line, with a capacity of eight cubic feet, moving at a speed of about 600 feet per minute, and delivering ore at the smelter at the rate of about 100 tons per hour. They are operated part of the distance by motor and part by gravity. The highest point is about 8,200 feet above sea level and 1,500 above the mine. The cost of transporting ore is approximately ten cents per ton, by tramway, while the cost by rail is nearly fifty cents.

**The Bureau of Information**, located on the tabernacle square, has recently completed, as an addition to the building, a handsome 30x30 foot waiting room. It is well-furnished, and adds materially to the comfort and convenience of visitors. The old, octagonal, swivel writing desk of President Brigham Young adorns the center of the new room, and accommodates four writers at once. A bust of the president, by Mahonri Young, adorns the top of the unique old piece of furniture. The room accommodates about two hundred people, and here the visiting parties to be taken over the grounds will be made up. Besides a writing room, a waiting room, a conservatory and dressing rooms, there are comfortable resting rooms for visitors. The basement is used for the storing of literature, which is annually distributed by the ton, mostly free. Over three hundred thousand people visited the Bureau last year, who were entertained and shown over the grounds by Benjamin Goddard and his aids; and at least the same number will visit this year. People from all parts of the world are visitors, and one day last summer there were people from Canada, Mexico and twenty-nine of the United States.

**J. O. Belknap**, of South Royalton, Vermont, died on the night of October 6, 1910. He has been postmaster and leading merchant of the village for many years, and was the recognized leader of the town in all worthy enterprises. He was the first to render help and encouragement to Elder Junius F. Wells in the purchase of land for the monument to the memory of the Prophet Joseph Smith. He did much to allay criticism and to create toleration for the Latter-day Saints, and to encourage the erection of the monument, when friends were few, and many believed the undertaking impracticable or impossible. He led in offering the public hall for the use of President Smith and party at the time of the dedication. He was a good, honorable man, with a heart in favor of the work of the Lord, and his memory should be long honored and cherished by the Latter-day Saints.

If you miss getting the ERA promptly or if regularly drop a card to the office now. Sometimes errors occur in the adjustment of the new lists.

Lewis H. Peery of Ogden, Utah, recently returned from a mission, writes, October 1: "The IMPROVEMENT ERA is doing a great work in the world."

The Priesthood Course of Study for 1910 is mailed promptly on orders sent to the IMPROVEMENT ERA, 2-22, Fashion's Building. The 1911 course will be issued in January next.

P. P. Christensen, Nephi, Utah, says, September 23: "I know the worth of the IMPROVEMENT ERA, in the world, but I believe it is worth more to the sons and daughters of the Church at home than to any other people, if they will only read it."

"During my labors there was no book that could have taken the place of the ERA. It was both interesting and educational and I never let one article pass without studying it thoroughly," says Elliott C. Taylor, of Coalville, Utah, who recently returned from a mission, Sept. 8.

The Manuals are meeting with a welcome seldom experienced. Have you plenty for all your Senior and Junior members? If not, send for more. Your order will have prompt attention. If you subscribe for the ERA insist on getting a Manual free either from your M. E. A. president or from the office.

## IMPROVEMENT ERA, NOVEMBER, 1910.

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